1077. e. 12
20

DIVINE FANCIES:

Digested into

EPIGRAMMES, MEDITATIONS, AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY FRA: QUARLES.

LONDON,
Printed by *M. F.* for IOHN MARRIOT,
and are to be sold at his Shop in S. *Dunstans*
Churchyard in *Fleetstreet*.
1641.

38
1 12
195

TO

THE ROYALL BVDDE

OF MAIESTIE, and *Center* of all our Hopes and Happineſſe, CHARLES, *Prince* of Great *Britaine, France* and *Ireland, SONNE* and *HEYRE* Apparent to the *High* and *Mighty*, CHARLES, by the *Grace* of GOD, *King* of Great *Britaine, France* and *Ireland, &c.*

Illuſtrious Infant:

GIve mee leave to acknowledge my ſelfe thy *Servant*, ere thou knoweſt thy Self my *Prince*: My Zeale burnes mee, and my *deſires* are impatient: My breeding *Muſe* longs for *greene fruit*, and cannot ſtay thy *ripeneſs*: Sweet *Babe*; The Loyalty of my Service makes bold to conſecrate theſe early Leaves to thy ſacred *Infancy*, not knowing how to glorifie themſelves, more, then by the Patronage of ſuch Princely

Innocency. Modell of Sweetneſſe, Let thy buſie Fingers entertaine this ſlender Preſent, and let thy harmleſſe Smiles crowne it: When thy Infancy hath crackt the *Shell*, let thy Childhood taſt the *Kernell*; In the meane while, let thy little hands and Eyes peruſe it: Lugge it in thy tender Armes, and lay thy burthen at thy Royall *Parents* feet; for whoſe ſake, it may gaine ſome honour from their glorious *Eyes*. Heaven bleſſe thy Youth with *Grace*, and crowne thy Age with *Glory*: Angels conduct thee from the *Cradle*, to the *Crowne*: Let the *Engliſh Roſe*, and the *French Lillie* flouriſh in thy lovely *Cheeke*: And let their united *Colours* preſage an everlaſting *League*. Let the eminent *Qualities* of both thy renowned *Grand-Fathers* meet in thy Princely Heart; that thou mayſt, in *Peace*, be honourable; and in *Warre*, victorious. And let the great addition of thy Royall Parents *Vertues* make thee up a moſt incomparable *Prince*, the firme *Pillar* of our happineſſe, and the future *Object* of the Worlds wonder.

Expected, and prayed for
by
Your *Highneſſes* moſt Loyall
and humble ſervant.

FRA: QUARLES.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOVrable and truely Vertuous Lady, MARY *Counteſſe of Dorſet*, Governeſſe to that Royall *Infant*, CHARLES, *Prince* of Great *Britaine*, *France*, and *Ireland*, *the Mirrour of unſtained* HONOVR.

Moſt Excellent LADY,

OV are that Starre, *which ſtands over the place, where the* Babe *lyes; By whoſe directions light, I am come from the* Eaſt, *to preſent my* Myrrh *and* Frankincenſe *to the* Young Childe: *Let not our Royall* JOSEPH, *nor his Princely* MARY *bee afraid; there are no* Herods *here; Wee have all ſeene his* Starre *in the Eaſt, and have rejoyced:*

joyced: Our loyall hearts are full; for our eyes have seene him, in whom our Posterity shall be blessed: To Him, most honourable Lady, *I addresse my thoughts; To* Him, *I presume to consecrate these Lines; which, since it hath pleased our gracious Soveraigne to appoint you the* Governesse *of his Royall* Infancie, *I have made bold to present, first, to your Noble hands; not daring, in my very thoughts, to disjoyne, whom his Sacred Maiesty, in so great Wisdome, hath put together; or to consider severally, where his Highnesse hath made so inviolable a Relation.* Madam, *May your Honours increase with your howers, and let eternall Glory crowne your* Vertues; *that when this* Age *shall sleepe in Dust, our* Children, *yet unborne, may honour your glorious Memory, under the happines of his Government, whose* Governesse *you are; which shall be daily the Subiect of his prayers, who is*

The lworne Servant of your
Ladiships Perfections,

FRA: QVARLES.

To

To the Readers.

Eaders, I will not (like One that knowes the ſtrength of his owne *Muſe*) commit *Rape* upon your *Vnderſtandings*, nor raile at your *Ignorances*, if our Wits jump not: I have written at my owne perill; underſtand you at your owne pleaſures: I have not ſo little *Man* in mee, as to want my faults; nor ſo much *Foole* in me, as to thinke it; nor ſo little *Modeſty*, as to ſweare it; nor ſo much *Childe* in mee, as to whine at *Zoilus*: My requeſt is, That the faultleſſe hand may caſt the firſt *ſtone*; So, although I cannot avoid the common Lot of man, *Error*, I may eſcape the puniſhment of the Common man, *Cenſure*.

I here preſent thee with a *Hive of Bees*; laden, ſome with *Waxe*, and ſome with *Honey*: Feare not to approach; There are no *Waſpes*, there are no *Hornets*, here: If ſome wanton *Bee* ſhould chance to buzze about thine eares, ſtand thy Ground, and hold thy hands: There's none will ſting thee, if thou ſtrike not firſt: If any doe; ſhe hath Honey in her *Bagge*, will cure thee too. In plainer tearmes, I preſent thee with a Booke of *Fancies*; Among which, as I have none to boaſt of; ſo (I hope) I ſhall have none to bluſh at. All cannot affect all: If ſome pleaſe all; or all, ſome, 'tis more then I expect; I had once thought to have melted the Title, and caſt it into ſeverall Bookes, and have lodg'd *Obſervations*, *Meditations*,

and *Epigrams* by themſelves; but new thoughts haye taken place: I have required no help of Herauld, either to place, or to proclaime them. *Cards*, well ſhuffled, are moſt fit for *Gameſters*; And oftentimes, the paſtime of *Diſcovery*, addes pleaſure to the *Enjoyment*: The Generous *Faulkner* had rather retrive his *Partridge* in the open fields, then meet her in his covered Diſh. Onely this: when you read a *Meditation*, let mee entreate thee to forget an *Epigramme*.

Farewell.

AD LECTORES
VTRIVSQ; GENERIS.

Candide, *ſi mala ſint noſtra inter carmina, parce;*
Et bona ſi quæ ſint, Zoile, *parco tibi.*

A Table of the Particulars contained in these 4. Books.

Booke. I.

On the Musick of Organs. 1
On the contingency of Actions. 2
On the Sacraments. 3
On the infancy of our Saviour. 4
On Judas Iscariot. 5
On the life and death of man. 6
On the 7. Liberall Sciences. 7
Christs foure houses. 8
On light and heat. 9
On Judas Iscariot. 10
On the possession of the Swine. 11
On a Sun-Diall. 12
On the 3. Christian Graces. 13
On a Feast. 14
On Dives. 15
On outward shew. 16
On the reading of the Scripture. 17
On the life of man. 18
On the crowing of the Cock. 19
On Mammon. 20
On Church contemners. 21
On Morus. 22
On Hypocrites. 23
On a Pilgrim. 24
On the Needle of a Sun-diall. 25
On Affliction. 26
On a Sun-Diall. 27
On Peter. 28
On Merits. 29
On Servio. 30
A Soliloquy. 31
On Daniel in the Den. 32
On those that deserve it. 33
Doe this and live. 34
On Scriptum est. 35
On the flourishing of the Gospel. 36
On Joseph & his Mistresse. 36
On Josephs speech. 37
On common devotion. 38
On the day of Iudgement. 39
On Death. 40
On the body of Man. 41
On the young man in the Gospel. 42
On mans goodnesse, &c. 43
On mans Plea. 44
On Furio. 45
On Martha, and Mary. 46
On our blessed Saviour. 47
On sinnes. 48
On mans behaviour to God. 49
On mans cruelty. 50
Mans progresse. 51
On the two great Floods. 52
On Fuca. 53
On Abrahams servant. 54
On Alexander. 55
On rash judgement. 56

Booke. I.

On Jacobs *purchase.* 57
Esau. 58
The abuse of Absolving. 59
The younger Brother. 60
Kain. 61
The righteous Man. 62
Faith, Love, and Charity. 63
Jacobs *Pillow.* 64
Faith. 65
Zacheus. 66
The thiefe and slanderer. 67
Abrahams *pleading.* 68
Mans goodnesse. 69
Zacheus. 70
The Roman, Turk, and Atheist. 71
Babels building. 72
The thiefe and lier. 73
The Egyptians famine. 74
Zacheus. 75
The Ploughman. 76
A happy Kingdome. 77
Gods appearance to Moses. 78
Gods Law. 79
Pharoes *Brick.* 80
Mans insatiat heart. 81
Pharoes *hard heartednesse.* 82
Change of Pharoes *fortunes.* 83
The first-borne. 84
Baptized Infants. 85
The grumbling Israelites. 86

Booke. I.

Mans rebellion. 87
Israel. 88
The sinners refuge. 89
The deposing of Princes. 90
Peters *Keyes.* 91
Offerings. 92
Vsurers. 93
Repentance. 94
Wine and Water. 95
Balaams *Asse.* 96
Some raw Divines. 97
Buying of the Bible. 98
Buying of the New testament. 99
To my Booke. 100

Booke. II.

TO *Almighty God.* 1
Gods Diet. 2
Moses *birth and death.* 3
Jeptha's *Vow.* 4
Iesus and Sampson. 5
Elies *double Censure.* 6
The refining of Gold. 7
Dagon and the Arke. 8
Saul *and* David. 9
David *and* Goliah. 10
Sauls *Witch.* 11
The necessity of Gods presence. 12
Davids *Epitaph on* Jonathan. 13

Gods

THE TABLE.

Booke. II.

Gods Word. 14
Man. 15
Ahaz *Dyall.* 16
Luſt. 17
Thamar *and* Ammon. 18
Love and luſt. 19
A Tinderbox. 20
Achitophel. 21
Sinne. 22
The Sunne and Starres. 23
Abſalon *and* Samſon. 24
Gods favour. 25
A ſpirituall Feaver. 26
Davids *Choice.* 27
Mans unequall diviſion. 28
Beggers. 29
The two children. 30
Two Myſteries. 31
A forme of Prayer. 32
Solomon *and the Queene of Sheba.* 33
Rehoboam. 34
The Prophet ſlaine, &c. 35
Ahab. 36
Rehoboam. 37
Naamans *Leproſie.* 38
Chamber Chriſtians. 39
The Widowes Cruſe. 40
The ſwimming Axe. 41
Baals *Prieſts.* 42
The Tempter. 43
A Cypher. 44

Booke. II.

Haman *and* Mordecay. 45
Jobs *temptation.* 46
Bawling Curres. 47
David. 48
Abraham. 49
Cenſorio. 50
Mordecay *and* Haman. 51
Three Fooles. 52
Miſerable man. 53
Mans two Enemies. 54
Queene Eſter. 55
Slanders. 56
Nebuchadnezzar. 57
Partio. 58
Ignorance. 59
A great Battell. 60
The world. 61
The Sabbath. 62
Prayer. 63
Fido. 64
Chariſſa. 65
Reymond Sebund. 66
Sinnes. 67
The Goſpel. 68
The dayes of man. 69
Sinnes. 70
Kain *and* David. 71
Plauſus. 72
Sinnes. 73
Change of Weathers. 74
Proſper. 75
The ſight of a Plague Bill. 76

THE TABLE.

Booke II.

On Theaters. 77
On Players, and Ballad-Mongers. 78
On God and the King. 79
On the life & death of man. 80
On Fox. 81
On the Book of Common prayer. 82
To Mundano. 83
On Romes Sacrifice. 84
On a dead man. 85
On corner sinners. 86
On the Kite. 87
On Formio. 88
On bosome sinnes. 89
On Eccho. 90
On a water-mill. 91
On Paul *and* Apollos. 92
On Morus. 93
On some Faiths. 94
On the Temporizer. 95
On our sinnes. 96
On the Hypocrite, 97
On secret mongers. 98
On a Fly. 99
On Scripture and Apocrypha. 100
To my Booke. 101

Booke. III.

ON old wine and new. 1
On Zacharias, *and the Blessed Virgin.* 2

Booke. III.

On a Picture. 3
On Servio. 4
On Peters *Cock.* 5
On Ambidexter. 6
Ou Lazarus, the Damsell, and Sinner. 7
On sinnes. 8
On Repentance. 9
On Man. 10
On powring out of our hearts. 11
On Friends. 12
On the Hypocrite. 13
On Servio. 14
On the Devils Master-piece. 15
On our Saviours fishing. 16
On mans greatest enemy. 17
On the Hypocrite. 18
On the Holy Scripture. 19
On mans heart. 20
On Drunkennesse. 21
On a Kisse. 22
On the Alchymist. 23
On ten Lepers. 24
On the last Epigram. 25
On the Box of Oyntment. 26
On Mary *and* Judas. 27
On our Saivour & his Vicar. 28
On the Great Prelate. 29
On Idolatry. 30
On the Tables of Stone. 31
On Mans 3. Enemies. 32
On Dinah. 33

On

Booke. III.

On Fido. 34
On Jacob. 35
On Drunkennesse. 36
On a Tennis-Court. 37
On Abels Blood. 38
On the Memory. 39
On Babell builders. 40
On Esau and Jacob. 41
On severall sinnes. 42
On These showres. 43
Dives and Lazarus. 44
Two Suiters. 45
The old and new garment. 46
Mans Cooperation. 47
The old and new Tables. 48
A Crucifix. 49
Praying to Saints. 50
Confession. 51
Salomons Rejoyce. 52
Bread. 53
Faith, and Reason. 54
Carnall mirth. 55
Prayer. 56
Anna. 57
A gift. 58
My selfe. 59
Iustification, Sanctification. 60
Mans love. 61
Filiall love, and servile. 62
Grapes. 63
Ioy and griefe. 64
Doves and serpents. 65

Booke. III.

Christ and our selves. 66
Man. 67
Death. 68
The life of Man. 69
Gods Image. 70
The Penny. 71
A Christian. 72
Gods bounty. 73
Sinnes. 74
The life of Man. 75
Childrens bread. 76
Trust and care. 77
Ruscus. 78
The Lords Supper. 79
Faith. 80
The story of Man. 81
Ananias. 82
Pious uses. 83
Sophronia. 84
The knowing man. 85
Romes Pardon. 86
The world. 87
Formall devotions. 88
Heavenly Manna. 89
Naturall sinnes. 90
The Ark. 91
Sophronia. 92
A faire prospect. 93
Resolution. 94
The worlds welcome. 95
Our meditation upon God. 96
Faith. 97

Mans

THE TABLE.

Booke. III.

Mans folly. 98
Glory. 99
Reward. 100

Booke. IIII.

A *Good morrow.* 1
A good night. 2
A printing house. 3
A Dialogue betweene Gabriel *and* Mary. 4
Rhemus. 5
The life of man. 6
Mary. 7
The Church. 8
The two Essences. 9
Our Saviours passion. 10
Peter. 11
Herodias. 12
Faith and Hope. 13
Water and Wine. 14
Age. 15
A Fig tree. 16
Rhemus. 17
Jacob. 18
Simon Magus. 19
The Bishop of Rome. 20
Milo. 21
Rome. 22
Three dayes and nights. 23
Tobits *Dog.* 24
The Gospel. 25

Booke. IIII.

Servio. 26
Formio. 27
John *and* Jesus. 28
Dispossessing. 29
Herodias. 30
Malfido. 21
Slanders. 32
Law and Gospel. 33
A bosome sinne. 34
The World. 35
My soule. 36
The Cuckoe. 37
Tobit. 38
David. 39
A monument. 40
Plausus. 41
Censorio. 42
Fooles on both kindes. 43
The Name of Jesus. 44
The woman with the Issue. 45
Our Redemption. 46
Gods Arme. 47
Our blessed Saviour. 48
Corduplo. 49
Dreames. 50
Adam. 51
Sinnes and Blessings. 52
Celia. 53
Pusillus. 54
Beleefe. 55
Crastinio. 56
An Houre glasse. 57

Kain

Booke. IIII.

On Kain. 58
Ticio. 59
Sortio. 60
Ramond Sebund. 61
To Henry *Earle of* Holland. 62
Drunkards and Idolaters. 63
Dying. 64
Ravens and Lilies. 65
Degrees of sinnes. 66
A last will. 67
Our Jesus. 68
To King Charles. 69
A Riddle. 70
Glorioso. 71
Judas. 72
Impropriator. 73
On the same. 74
Lucro. 75
To God. 76
Sleepe and Death. 77
Rhemus. 78
Glorioso. 79
To God. 80
Partio. 81
An evill Conscience. 82
To Mundano. 83
To my friend. 84
To Malfido. 85
Crucio. 86
To Rhemus. 87

Booke. IIII.

To Macio. 88
Reproofe. 89
Curio. 90
Zelustus. 91
Philautus. 92
Dubius. 93
To Sir Julius Cæsar. 94
Lucro. 95
Mendax. 96
Blandus. 97
Rebellio. 98
God and gold. 99
To Jam. *Arch-B. of* Arm. 100
Awaking Conscience. 101
Our affections. 102
Zelustus. 103
Rebellio. 104
Zelustus. 105
Conscio. 106
To God. 107
Devotion. 108
The Christian. 109
Mercy and Iustice. 110
Aulicus. 111
To Rhemus. 112
Tortus. 113
Gracchus. 114
Phares. 115
On the same. 116
To my Booke. 117

THE END.

To

TO GOD.

GLorious and Great; whose power did divide
The Waves, and made them Walls on either side;
That didst appeare in Cloven-tongues of Fire;
Divide my thoughts: and with thy selfe inspire
My soule; O cleave my Tongue, and make it scatter
Various Expressions in a various Matter;
That like the painfull Bee, I may derive
From sundry Flowr's, to store my slender Hive;
Yet may my thoughts not so divided be,
But they may mixe againe, and fixe in Thee.

DIVINE

DIVINE FANCIES:

Digested into

EPIGRAMMES, MEDITATIONS, AND OBSERVATIONS.

1.

On the Musique of Organs.

OBserve this *Organ*: Marke but
how it goes:
'Tis not the hand of him alone
that blowes
The unseene *Bellowes*; nor the hand that playes,
Upon th'apparent note-dividing *Kayes*,
That makes the well-composed *Ayres* appeare
Before the high *Tribunall* of thine eare:

They both concurre: Each acts his ſeverall part:
Th'one gives it *Breath*; the other lends it *Art*.
Man is this Organ: To whoſe every action
Heav'n gives a *Breath* (a Breath without *coaction*:)
Without which *Blaſt* we cannot act at all,
Without which Breath, the *Vniverſe* muſt fall
To the firſt *Nothing* it was made of: ſeeing
In *Him* we *live*, we *move*, we have our *being*:
Thus fill'd with his Diviner *breath*, and back't
With his firſt *power*, we touch the *Kayes* and act:
He blowes the *Bellowes*: As we thrive in skill,
Our *Actions* prove, like Muſicke, *Good*, or *Ill*.

2.

On the contingency of Actions.

I Saw him dead; I ſaw his Body fall
Before deaths *dart*; whom teares muſt not recall:
Yet is he not ſo dead, but that his *Day*
Might have beene lengthen'd, had th'untrodden way
To liſe beene found: He might have roſe again,
If *ſomething* had, or *ſomething* had not bin:
What mine ſees paſt, Heaven's eye foreſaw to come;
He ſaw, how that *contingent* Act ſhould ſumme
The totall of his dayes: His knowing Eye
(As mine doth ſee him dead) ſaw he ſhould die
That very fatall houre; yet ſaw his death,
Not ſo ſo neceſſary, but his Breath
Might beene enlarg'd unto a longer date,
Had he neglected *this*, or taken *that*:
All times to Heav'n are *now*, both firſt and laſt;
He ſees things *preſent*, as we ſee them paſt.

The

3.

On the Sacraments.

THe *Loaves of Bread* were five; the *Fiſhes* two,
Whereof the multitude was made partaker.
Who made the *Fiſhes?* God: But tell me, who
Gave being to the *Loaves* of Bread? the *Baker:*
Ev'n ſo theſe Sacraments which ſome call ſeven,
Five were ordain'd by *Man*, and two, by *Heaven.*

4.

On the infancy of our Saviour.

HAyle bleſſed *Virgin*, full of heavenly *Grace*,
Bleſt above all that ſprang from humane race;
Whoſe Heav'n ſaluted *Womb* brought forth in *One*,
A bleſſed *Saviour*, and a bleſſed *Son:*
O! what a raviſhment't had been, to ſee
Thy little *Saviour* perking on thy *Knee!*
To ſee him nuzzle in thy *Virgin* Breaſt;
His milke white body all unclad, undreſt!
To ſee thy buſie fingers cloath and wrappe
His ſpradling Lims in thy indulgent *Lappe!*
To ſee his deſp'rate *Eyes*, with Childiſh grace,
Smiling upon his ſmiling Mothers face!
And, when his forward ſtrength began to bloome,
To ſee him *diddle* up and downe the Roome!
O, who would thinke, ſo ſweet a *Babe* as this,
Should ere be ſlaine by a falſe hearted *Kiſſe!*
Had I a *Ragge*, if ſure thy body wore it,
Pardon ſweet *Babe*, I think I ſhould adore it:
Till then, O grant this Boone, (a boon far dearer)
The *Weed* not being, I may adore the *Wearer.*

5.

On Judas Iſcariot.

WE raile at *Iudas*, him that did betray
The *Lord* of life; yet doe it *day by day*.

6.

On the life and death of man.

THe world's a *Theater*; The Earth, a *Stage*
Plac'd in the midſt; whereon both *Prince* & *Page*,
Both *rich* and *poore*; *fool*, *wiſe man*; *baſe* and *high*;
All act their *Parts* in Lifes ſhort *Tragedy*:
Our Life's a Tragedie: Thoſe ſecret *Roomes*
Wherein we tire us, are our Mothers *Wombs*;
The *Muſicke* uſh'ring in the *Play*, is Mirth
To ſee a *Man-child* brought upon the Earth:
That fainting gaſpe of *Breath* which firſt we vent,
Is a *Dumb-ſhew*, preſents the *Argument*:
Our new-borne *Cries*, that new-borne *griefs* bewray,
Is the ſad *Prologue* of th'enſuing *Play*:
Falſe *hopes*, true *feares*, vaine *joyes*, and fierce *diſtracts*,
Are like the *Muſicke* that divides the *Acts*:
Time holds the *glaſſe*, and when the *hour's* run,
Death ſtrikes the *Epilogue*; and the *Play* is done.

7.

On the ſeven liberall Sciences of a Chriſtian.

Grammar,

IT is an *Art*, that teaches not t'excell
In Writing, Speaking, as in *Doing well*.

Logicke,

Logick,

IT is an *Art*, ſometimes of *plotting treaſon*
Againſt the *crowne* and *dignity* of *Reaſon.*

Rhetorick,

IT is an *Art*, whereby he learnes t'encreaſe
His knowledge of the time, to *Hold his peace.*

Arithmetick,

IT is an *Art*, that makes him apt to raiſe,
And number out Gods *Bleſſings*, and his *Dayes.*

Muſick,

IT is a potent *Science*, that infringes (*hinges.*
Strong *Priſon* doores, and heaves them from their

Aſtronomy,

IT is an *Art*, of taking out the *Lead*
From his dull *Browes*, and lifting up the *Head.*

Geometry,

IT is an *Art*, inſtructs him how to have
The world in ſcorne, and meaſure out his Grave.

8.

Chriſts foure houſes.

HIs firſt houſe was the bleſſed Virgins *Wombe*;
The next, a *Cratch*; the third, a *Croſſe*; the fourth,
(a *Tombe.*

Marke

9.

Of Light and Heat.

MArk but the Sun-beames, when they ſhine moſt bright,
They lend this lower world both heat and light:
They both are Children of the ſelf ſame Mother,
Twinnes; not ſubſiſting one without the other;
They both conſpire unto the *Common good*,
When, in their proper places, underſtood:
Is't not rebellion againſt *Senſe* to ſay,
Light helps to quicken: Or, the beames of day
May lend a *Heat*, and yet no light at all?
'Tis true, ſome obvious *Shade* may chance to fall
Upon the quickned *Plant*, yet not ſo great,
To quench the operation of the *Heat*:
The *Heat* cannot be parted from the *Light*,
Nor yet the *Light* from *Heat*; They neither might
Be mingled in the *Act*, nor found aſunder:
Diſtinguiſh now fond man; or ſtay and wonder.
Know then;
Their vertues differ, though themſelves agree;
Heat vivifies; *Light* gives man power to ſee
The thing ſo vivified: no *Light*, no *Heat*;
And where the *heat's* but ſmall, the *light's* not great:
They are inſeparable, and ſworne *Lovers*,
Yet differing thus; *that* quickens; *this* diſcovers:
Within theſe lines a ſacred Myſt'ry lurks:
The *heat* reſembles *Faith*; the *light*, *good works*.

10.

On Judas Iſcariot.

SOme curſe that Traitor *Judas* life and lim;
God knows, ſome curſe themſelves in curſing him.
When

11.
On the poſſeſſion of the Swine.

WHen as our bleſſed *Saviour* did un-devill
The man poſſeſt; the Spirits in concluſion,
Entred the *Swine*(being active ſtill in evill)
And drove them headlong to their owne confuſion.
Drunkards, beware, and be adviſed then,
They'l find you as y'are *Swine*; *if not*, as *Men*.

12
On a Sun-Diall.

THis Horizontall *Dyall* can bewray
To the ſad *Pilgrim*, the houre of the *Day*:
But if the *Sunne* appeare not his Adviſer,
His eye may looke, yet he prove ne'ere the wiſer:
Alas, alas! there's nothing can appeare,
But onely *Types*, and ſhadow'd *Figures* there.
This Dyall is the *Scripture*; and the Sun,
Gods holy *Spirit*; *We*, the lookers on:
Alas, that ſacred *Letter*, which we read,
Without the *Quickning* of the *Spirit's* dead:
The knowledge of our *Peace* improves no better,
Then if our eye had not beheld a Letter:
I, but this glorious *Sun* ſhines alwaies bright:
I, but we often ſtand in our owne light.
Uſe then the day, for when the day is gon,
There will be *darkneſſe*: there will be no Sun.

13

On the three Christian Graces.

Faith.

IT is a *Grace*, that teacheth to deprave not
The *goods* we have; to *have* the *goods* we have not.

Hope.

IT is a *Grace*, that keeps th'Almighty blameleſſe,
In long delay: And men (in begging) ſhameleſſe.

Charitie.

IT is a *Grace*, or Art to get a Living,
By ſelling Land; and to grow rich, by giving.

14.

On a Feaſt.

THe *Lord* of Heav'n and Earth ha's made a *Feaſt*,
And ev'ry *Soule* is an invited Gueſt:
The *Word's* the Food; the *Levits* are the Cooks;
The Fathers Writings are their *Diet-books*;
But ſeldome us'd; for 'tis a faſhion growne,
To recommend made *Diſhes* of their owne: (*broyle*;
What they ſhould *boyle*, they *bake*; what *roſt*, they
Their luſhious *Sallats* are too ſweet with *oyle*:
In briefe, 'tis now-a-daies too great a fault,
T'have too much *pepper*, and too little *ſalt*.

15.

On Dives.

THat drop-requeſting *Dives* did deſire
His Brothers might have warning of that *Fire*,

Whoſe

Whose flames he felt: Could he, a Fiend, wish well
To man? What, is there Charity in Hell?
Each soule that's damned is a *Brand* of fire,
To make Hell so much hotter; And the nigher
In blood or love they be, that are tormented,
The more there paines and torments are augmented:
No wonder then, if *Dives* did desire,
His Brothers might have warning of that Fire.

16.

On outward shew.

I Udge not that *Field*, because 'tis Stubble,
Nor him that's poore, and full of trouble.
Though t'one looke bare; the t'other thin;
Judge not; Their *Treasure* is within.

17

On the reading of the Scriptures.

IN reading of the Sacred *Writ*, beware,
Thou climbe no *stile* when as a *gap* stands faire.

18

On the life of man.

OUr Life's the *Modell* of a Winters Day;
Our Soule's the *Sun*, whose faint and feeble *Ray*
Gives our Earth light; a *light*, but weak, at strongest;
But low, at highest; very short, at longest:
The childish Teares, that from our eyes doe passe,
Is like the *Dew* that pearles the morning grasse:
When as our *Sun* is but an hower high,
We goe to *schoole*, to learne; are whipt, and crie:

We truant up and downe; we make a ſpoile
Of pretious *Time*, and ſport in our owne toile:
Our Bed's the quiet *Grave*; wherein we lay
Our wearie Bodies, tyred with the Day:
The early *Trumpet*, like the Morning Bell,
Calls to account; where they that have learn'd well,
Shall find *Reward*; and ſuch as have miſ-ſpent
Their time, ſhall reape an earned *puniſhment*.
No wonder then, to ſee the *Sluggards* eyes,
So loath to goe to Bed; ſo loath to riſe.

19

On the Crowing of a Cock.

THe Crowing of a *Cock* doth oft fore-ſhow
A change of Weather: *Peter* found it ſo:
The *Cock* no ſooner crew, but by and by
He found a *Change* of *weather* in his eye.
Tis an eaſie thing to ſay, and to ſweare too,
Wee'l dye for *Chriſt*; but tis as hard to doe.

20

On Mammon.

MAmmon's growne rich: Does *Mammon* boaſt of (that?
The Stalled *Oxe*, as well may boaſt, Hee's fat.

21

On Church contemners.

THoſe *Church Contemners*, that can eaſily waigh
The profit of a *Sermon* with a *Play*;
Whoſe teſty ſtomacks can digeſt, as well,
A profer'd Injury, as a *Sermon* bell;

That

That say unwonted *Pray'rs* with the like wills,
As queazie Patients take their loathed *Pills*:
To what extremitie would they be driven,
If God, in Judgement, should but give them Heav'n?

22
On Morus.

HE is no *Flemming*; for he cannot *swill*:
No *Roman*; for his stomack's *fleshly* still:
He cannot be a Jew; he was *baptiz'd*:
Nor yet a Gentile; he was *circumciz'd*:
He is no *True man*; for he lyes a trot:
Prophane he is not, for he *sweares* ye not:
What is he then? One Feast without a *Bill*
Shall make him all; or which of all ye will.

23.
On the Hypocrite.

NO mans condition is so base as his;
None more accurs'd then *he*: For *Man* esteemes
Him hatefull, 'cause he seemes not what he is:
God hates him, 'cause he is not what he seemes;
What griefe is absent, or what mischiefe can
Be added to the hate of *God* and *Man*?

24.
On a Pilgrim.

THe weary *Pilgrim*, oft, doth aske, and know,
How farre hee's come; how farre he has to goe:
His way is tedious, and his heart's oppress,
And his desire is to be at *Rest*:

Our life's a *Wayfare*; yet fond Man delayes
T'enquire out the number of his *Dayes*;
He cares not He, how ſlow his howers ſpend;
His Journey's better then his Journies end.

25
On the Needle of a Sun-diall.

BEhold this Needle; when the *Artick* ſtone
Hath toucht it, how it trembles up and downe;
Hunts for the *Pole*; and cannot be poſſeſt,
Of peace, untill it finde that point, that reſt:
Such is the *heart* of man; which, when it hath
Attain'd the verue of a lively faith,
It findes no reſt on earth, makes no abode,
In any Object, but his *heav'n*, his *God*.

26
On Affliction.

WHen thou afflict'ſt me, Lord, if I repine,
I ſhow my ſelfe to be my owne, not thine.

27.
On a Sun-Dyall.

GOe, light a *Candle*: By that light, make tryall,
How the night ſpends it ſelfe, by the *Sun-Dyall*:
Goe, ſearch the *Scripture*; Labour to encreaſe
In the diviner knowledge of thy *Peace*
By thy owne light, derived from thy mother:
Thou may'ſt as eas'ly doe the one, as t'other.

When

28

On PETER.

WHen walking *Peter* was about to ſinke
Into the Sea, In what a caſe d'ye thinke,
H'ad beene, if he had truſted his complaint
To th'interceſſion of ſome helpful *Saint* ?.
Beleeve it ; if *Romes* doctrine had beene ſound,
And ſoundly follow'd, *Peter* had beene drown'd.

29

On Merits.

FIe, Rome's abus'd : Can any be thought able
To merit heaven by *works* ? 'Tis a meere fable:
If ſo ; ſtout *Rome* had never beene ſo faint
To move her ſuit by a Collaterall *Saint*.

30

On Servio.

S*Ervio* ſerves God ; *Servio* has bare relation;
Not to Gods *glory*, but his owne *ſalvation* :
Servio ſerves God for life ; *Servio*, 'tis well :
Servio may finde the cooler place in Hell.

31.

A Soliloquie.

WHere ſhall I find my God! O where, O where
Shall I direct my ſteps, to find him there ?
Shall I make ſearch in ſwelling Bags of *Coine* ?
Ah no ; For *God* and *Mammon* cannot joine:
Doe Beds of *Down* containe this heavenly ſtranger ?
No, no; He's rather cradled in ſome *Manger*:

Dwells

Dwells he in wiſdome? Is he gone that rode?
No no; Mans wiſdom's fooliſhneſſe with God:
Or hath ſome new *Plantation*, yet unknown, (*Crown?*
Made him their *King*, adorn'd him with their
No, no; the kingdomes of the earth thinke ſcorne
T'adorne his Browes with any Crowne but Thorne.
Where ſhall I trace; or where ſhall I goe winde him?
My Lord is gone; and O! I cannot find him:
Ile ranſack the darke *Dungeons*: Ile enquire
Into the *Furnace*, after the ſev'nth fire.
Ile ſeek in *Daniels Den*, and in *Pauls* priſon;
Ile ſearch his *grave*, and ſee if he be riſen:
Ile goe to th'houſe of *mourning*; aud Ile call
At every Almes-abuſed *Hoſpitall*:
Ile goe and aske the *Widow* that's oppreſt;
The heavy laden, that inquireth reſt:
Ile ſearch the Corners of all broken *hearts*;
The wounded *Conſcience* and the *ſoule* that *ſmarts*;
The contrite *ſpirit* fill'd with filiall feare;
I, there he is; and no where elſe, but there:
Spare not to ſcourge thy pleaſure, O my God,
So I may find thy *preſence* with thy *Rod*.

32.

On Daniel in the Den.

FIerce *Lyons* roaring for their prey! and then
Daniel throwne in! And *Daniel* yet remaine
Alive! There was a *Lion* in the *Den*,
Was *Daniels* friend, or *Daniel* had been ſlaine.
Among ten thouſand *Lions*, Ide not feare,
Had I but onely *Daniels Lion* there.

On

33.

On those that deserve it.

O When our Clergy at the dreadfull *Day*,
Shall make their Audit; when the *Iudge* shall say
Give your accompts: What, have my Lambs bin fed?
Say, doe they all stand sound? Is there none dead
By your defaults? Come shepherds, bring them forth
That I may crown your labours in their worth.
O what an answer will be given by some!
We have been silenc'd: Canons struck us dumb;
The Great ones would not let us feed thy flock,
Unlesse we plai'd the fooles and wore a Frock:
We were forbid unlesse wee'd yeeld to signe
And crosse their browes, they say, *a mark of thine.*
To say the truth, great Judge, they were not fed,
Lord, here they be; but, Lord, they be all dead.
Ah cruell Shepherds! Could your conscience serve
Not to be fooles, and yet to let them sterve?
What if your Fiery spirits had been bound
To Antick habits; or your heads been crownd
With *Peacocks* Plumes; had ye been forc'd to feed
Your Saviours deare-bought Flock in a fools weed;
He that was scorn'd, revil'd, endur'd the *Curse*
Of a base death, in your behalfs; nay worse;
Swallow'd the cup of wrath charg'd up to th'*brim*;
Durst ye not stoop to play the fooles for him?

34.

Doe this and live.

Doe this and live? 'Tis true, great God, then who
Can hope for life? for who hath power to *Doe?*
Art thou not able? Is thy taske too great?
Canst thou desire help? Canst thou intreat
Aid from a stronger Arm? Canst thou conceive
Thy *Helper* strong enough? Canst thou *beleeve*,
The sufferings of thy dying Lord can give
Thy drooping shoulders rest? *Doe this and live.*

35.

On Joseph *and his Mistris.*

WHen as th'Egyptian *Lady* did invite
Wel-favour'd *Ioseph* to unchast delight;
How well the motion and the place agreed!
A beastly *Place*, and 'twas a beastly *Deed:*
A place well season'd for so foule a sin;
Too sweet to serve so foule a Master in.

36.

On Scriptum est.

SOme words excell in vertue, and discover
A rare conclusion, thrice repeated over.
Our *Saviour* thrice was tempted: thrice repreſt
Th'assaulting *tempter* with thrice *Scriptum est.*
If thou would'st keep thy soule secure from harme,
Thou know'st the words: It is a potent *Charme.*

On

37.

On the flouriſhing of the Goſpel.

HOw doe our *Paſtures* flouriſh, and refreſh
Our uberous *Kine*, ſo faire, ſo full of fleſh!
How doe our thriving *Cattell* feed our young
With plentious *Milk*; and with their *fleſh* the ſtrong!
Heav'n bleſs our *Charles*, as he did our late *Iames*,
From *Pharohs* troubles, and from *Pharohs Dreames*.

38.

On Joſephs *Speech to his Brethren.*

GOe, fetch your *Brother* (ſaid th'Egyptian Lord)
If you intend our Garners ſhall afford
Your craving wants their ſo deſir'd ſupplies;
If *He* come not, by *Pharoes* life, y'are *Spies*:
Ev'n as your Suits expect to find our Grace,
Bring *him*; or dare not to behold my face:
Some little food, to ſerve you on the way,
We here allow, but not to feed delay;
When you preſent your *Brother* to our Hand,
Ye ſhall have plenty and poſſeſſe the Land;
Away; and let your quick obedience give
The earneſt of your Faiths; Doe this and live:
If not; your wilfull wants muſt want ſupply,
For ye are *Spies*, and ye ſhall ſurely dye:
Great God, th'Egyptian Lord reſembles *Thee*;
The Brother's *Ieſus*: and the Suitors *Wee*.

39

Of common Devotion.

OUr *God* and *Souldiers* we alike adore,
Ev'n at the Brink of danger; not before:
After deliverance, both alike requited;
Our *God's* forgotten, and our *Souldier's* slighted.

40

On the Day of Iudgement.

O When shall that time come, whē the loud *Trump*
Shall wake my sleeping Ashes from the Dump
Of their sad *Vrne*! That blessed *Day* wherein
My glorifi'd, my metamorphoz'd Skin
Shall circumplexe and terminate that fresh
And new refined substance of this flesh!
When my transparent Flesh discharg'd from groanes,
And paines, shall hang upon new polisht *Bones*!
When as my body shall re-entertaine
Her cleansed Soule, and never part againe!
When as my soule shall by a new Indenture,
Possesse her new-built *house*, come downe and enter!
When as my body and my Soule shall plight
Inviolable faith, and never fight
Nor wrangle more, nor altercate agin,
About that strife-begetting question, *Sin*!
When Soule and Body shall receive their Doome
Of *O ye blessed of my Father, Come*!
When *Death* shall be exil'd, and damn'd to dwell
Within her proper and true Center, *Hell*!

Where

Where that old *Tempter* ſhall be bound in Chaines,
And over-whelm'd with everlaſting paines;
Whilſt I ſhall ſit, and, in full Glory, ſing
Perpetuall *Anthems* to my *Iudge*, my *King*.

41
On Death.

WHy ſhould we not, as well, deſire *Death*,
As Sleep? No diffrence, but a little Breath:
'Tis all but *Reſt*; 'tis all but a Releaſing
Our tyred limbs; Why then not alike pleaſing?
Being burthen'd with the ſorrowes of the *Day*,
We wiſh for night; which being come, we lay
Our Bodie down; yet when our very Breath
Is irkſome to us, w'are affraid of *Death*:
Our *Sleep* is oft accompanied with Frights,
Diſtracting Dreames and dangers of the nights;
When in the Sheets of *Death*, our Body's ſure
From all ſuch Evils, and we ſleep ſecure: (ther?
What matter, *Doune*, or *Earth*? what boots it whe-
Alas, our Body's ſenſible of neither:
Things that are ſenſleſſe feele nor paines nor eaſe;
Tell me; and why not *Wormes* as well as *Fleas*?
In *Sleep*, we know not whether our clos'd eyes
Shall ever wake; from *Death* w'are ſure to riſe:
I, but 'tis long firſt: O, is that our feares?
Dare we truſt God for *Nights*? and not for *Yeares*?

42.

On the Body of Man.

MAns Body's like a *Houſe*: His greater *bones*,
Are the maine *Timber*; And the leſſer Ones,
Are ſmaller *Splints*: His ribs are *Laths*, daubd o'er,
Plaiſter'd with *fleſh* and *blood*: his Mouth's the *Doore*:
His Throat's the narrow *Entry*: And his Heart
Is the *Great Chamber*, full of curious Art:
His *Midriffe*, is a large partition *Wall*,
'Twixt the *Great Chamber*, and the ſpacious *Hall*:
His *Stomack* is the *Kitchin*, where the Meat
Is often but halfe ſod, for want of *Heat*:
His Spleene's a *Veſſell*, Nature doth allot
To take the *skumme* that riſes from the Pot:
His Lungs are like the *Bellowes* that reſpire
In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry Fire:
His Noſe, the *Chimmey* is, whereby are vented
Such Fumes, as with the *Bellowes* are augmented:
His Bowels are the *Sinke*, whoſe part's to dreine
All noyſome filth, and keep the *Kitchin* clean:
His eyes like Cryſtall *Windowes* cleare and bright
Lets in the *Object*, and lets out the *ſight*:
And as the *Timber* is, or great or ſmall,
Or ſtrong or weake; 'tis apt to ſtand, or fall;
Yet is the likelieſt *Building* ſometimes knowne,
To fall by obvious Chances; overthrowne,
Oft-times by Tempeſts, by the full mouth'd *Blaſts*
Of Heav'n; Sometimes by Fire; Sometimes it waſts
Through unadvis'd *neglect*: Put caſe, the *ſtuffe*
Were ruin proofe; by nature, ſtrong enough,

To conquer *Time* and *Age*: Put caſe, it ſhould
Nee'r know an end; Alas, our *Leaſes* would:
What haſt thou then, proud *fleſh* and *blood*, to boaſt?
Thy daies are ev'll, at beſt; but few at moſt;
But ſad, at merrieſt; and but weake, at ſtrongeſt;
Unſure, at ſureſt; and but ſhort, at longeſt.

43.
On the young man in the Goſpel.

HOw well our *Saviour* and the *landed Youth*
Agreed a little while? And, to ſay truth,
Had he had will and power in his hand,
To keepe the *Law*, but as he kept his *Land*;
No doubt, his ſoule had found the ſweet fruition
Of his owne choice deſires without Petition:
But he muſt *Sell* and *Follow*; or elſe, not
Obtaine his Heav'n: O now his heaven's too hot:
He cannot ſtay, he has no buſineſſe there:
Hee'l rather miſſe, then buy his heav'n too deare:
When Broth's too hot for haſty hounds, how they
Will licke their ſcalded lips, and ſneake away!

44.
On Mans goodneſſe, and Gods love.

GOd loves not Man, becauſe that Man is *good*;
For Man is ſinfull, becauſe Fleſh and Blood:
We argue falſe: It rather may behoove us,
To thinke us *good*, 'cauſe God thinks good to love us,
He that ſhall argue up from Man to God,
Takes but the paines to gather his owne *Rod*:

Who

Who from ſuch Premiſſes, ſhall draw's *Concluſion*,
Makes but a *ſyllogiſme* of his own confuſion.

45.

On mans Plea.

MAns *Plea* to *Man*, is, That he never more
Will begge, and that he never begg'd before:
Mans Plea to God, is, That he did obtaine
A former Suit, and therefore ſues againe.
How good a God we ſerve; that when we ſue,
Makes his old gifts th'examples of his new!

46

On Furio.

FVrio will not forgive; *Furio* beware:
Furio will curſe himſelfe in the *Lords Prayer.*

47

On Martha *and* Mary.

Martha, with joy, receiv'd her bleſſed Lord;
Her Lord ſhe welcomes, feaſts, and entertaines:
Mary ſate ſilent; heares but ſpeaks no word;
Martha takes all, and *Mary* takes no paines:
Mary's to heare; to feaſt him *Martha's* care is;
Now which is greater, *Martha's* love, or *Mary's*?

Martha is full of trouble, to prepare;
Martha reſpects his gis good beyond her owne:

Mary

Mary ſits ſtill at eaſe, and takes no care;
Mary deſires to pleaſe her ſelfe alone:
The pleaſure's *Maries*; *Martha's* all the care is;
Now which is greater, *Martha's* love, or *Maries*?

Tis true; Our bleſſed Lord was *Martha's* Gueſt:
Mary was his; and, in his feaſt, delighted:
Now which hath greater reaſon to love beſt,
The bountifull Invitor, or the invited?
Sure, both lov'd well; But *Mary* was the debter,
And therefore ſhould, in reaſon, love the better.

Maries was ſpirituall; *Marthaes* love was carnall;
T'one kiſt his hand; The other but the Glove:
As far as mortall is beneath eternall,
So far is *Martha's* leſſe then *Marie's* love:
How bleſt is he, Great God, whoſe heart remembers
Marie's to Thee; and *Martha's* to thy Members!

48
On our bleſſed Saviour.

WE often reade our bleſſed *Saviour wept*;
But never laught, and ſeldome that he *ſlept*:
Ah, ſure, his heavy eyes did wake, and *weepe*
For us that ſin, ſo oft, in *mirth*, and *ſleepe*!

49.
On ſinnes.

SInnes, in reſpect of Man, all mortall be;
All veniall, *Ieſu*, in reſpect of Thee.

50.

On Mans behaviour to God.

WE uſe our God, as Us'rers doe their bands;
We often beare him in our *hearts*, our *hands*,
His *Paths* are beaten and his *Wayes* are trod,
So long as hee's a profitable God:
But when the Money's paid, the Profit's taken,
Our *Bands* are cancel'd, and our *God's* forſaken.

51.

On Mans Cruelty.

AND dar'ſt thou venture ſtill to live in Sin,
And crucifie thy dying Lord agin?
Were not his *Pangs* ſufficient? muſt he bleed
Yet more? O, muſt our ſinfull pleaſures feed
Upon his Torments; and augment the Story
Of the ſad paſſion of the Lord of *Glory*!
Is there no pity? Is there no remorſe
In humane breaſts? Is there a firme divorce
Betwixt all mercy, and the hearts of Men?
Parted for ever? ne'r to meet agen?
No *mercy* bides with us: 'Tis thou, alone,
Haſt it, ſweet Jeſu, for us, that have none
For thee: thou haſt fore-ſtall'd our *Markets* ſo,
That all's *Above*, and we have none *Below*:
Nay, bleſſed Lord, we have not wherewithall
To ſerve our ſhiftleſſe ſelves, unleſſe we call
To Thee, that art our *Saviour*, and haſt power
To give, and whom we Crucifie, each hower:

W'are

W'are cruell (Lord) to thee, and our ſelves too;
JESU *forgive's; we know not what we doe.*

52.
Mans progreſſe.

THe Earth is that forbidden *Tree* that growes
Ith' midſt of *Paradiſe*; Her *Fruit* that ſhowes
So ſweet, ſo faire, ſo pleaſing to the eyes,
Is worldly pleaſure in a faire diſguize:
The *Fleſh* ſuggeſts: *The fruit is faire and good*
Apt to make wiſe; and a delicious Food;
It hath a ſecret vertue, wherewithall
To make you Gods; and not to dye at all.
Man taſts, and tempts the frailty of his Brother;
His Brother eats; One bit calls on another:
His guilty *Conſcience* opes his eyes; He ſees,
He ſees his empty nakedneſſe, and flees;
He ſtitches ſlender *Fig-leaves*, and does frame
Poore Arguments t'excuſe his Sin, his ſhame:
But in the cooler *evening* of his Dayes,
The voyce calls *Adam*: *Adam's* in a Maze:
His *Conſcience* bids him run: The voyce purſues;
Poore *Adam* trembles, ere he knowes the newes:
Adam muſt quit the Garden, leſt he ſtrive
To taſte the ſaving *Tree of life*, and live;
Poore man muſt goe; But whither is he bound?
Ev'n to the place from whence he came, the *Ground.*

53.

On the two great Flouds.

Two *Floods* I reade of; *Water* and of *Wine*;
The first was *Noahs*; *Lot*, the last was thine:
The first was the *Effect*; The last, the *Cause*
Of that foule Sinne, against the sacred Lawes
Of God and Nature, *Incest*: *Noah* found
An *Arke* to save him, but poore *Lot* was drownd:
Good *Noah* found an *Arke*; but *Lot* found none:
W'are safer in Gods hands then in our own:
The former flood of *Waters* did extend
But some few daies; this latter ha's no end:
They both destroy'd, I know not which the worst;
The *last* is ev'n as gen'rall, as the *first*:
The first being ceas'd, the world began to fill;
The last depopulates, and wastes it still:
Both *Flouds* ore-whelm'd both Man and beast together;
The last is worst, if there be best of either:
The first are ceas'd: Heav'n vow'd it by a Signe:
When shall we see a Rainebow after Wine?

54.

On Fuca.

Fuca, thou quot'st the Scriptures on thy side,
And mak'st *Rebecca* patronize thy pride;
Thou say'st that she wore *Eare-rings*: Did she so?
Know this withall; She bore the *Pitcher* too:
Thou may'st, like her, weare *Eare-rings*, if thy pride
Can stoope to what *Rebecca* did beside.

This

55.

On Abrahams ſervant.

THis faithfull *Servant* will not feed, untill
He doe his truſt-repoſing Maſters will:
There's many, now, that will not eat before
They ſpeed their *Maſters* work: *They'l drink the more.*

56.

On Alexander.

NO marvell, thou great *Monarch*, didſt complain
And weep, there were no other worlds to gaine;
Thy griefes and thy complaints were not amiſſe;
H'as Griefe enough, that finds no world but this.

57.

On raſh Iudgement.

IUdge not too faſt: This *Tree* that does appeare
So barren, may be fruitfull the next yeare:
Haſt thou not patience to expect the hower?
I feare thy owne are *Crabs* they be ſo ſower:
Thy Judgement oft may tread beſide the Text;
A *Saul* to day, may prove a *Paul*, the next.

58.

On Jacobs *purchaſe.*

HOw poore was *Iacobs* motion, and how ſtrange
His offer! How unequall was th'exchange!

A meſſe of *Porrage* for Inheritance?
Why could not hungry *Eſau* ſtrive t'enhaunce
His price a little? So much underfoot?
Well might he give him Bread and drink to boot:
An eaſie price! The caſe is ev'n our owne;
For toyes we often ſell our *Heav'n*, our *Crowne*.

59.
On Eſau.

WHat haſt thou done? Nay, what ſhall *Eſau* do?
Loſt both his *Birthright*, and his *Bleſſing* too!
What hath poore *Eſau* left, but empty teares,
And Plaints, that cannot reach the old mans eares?
What with thy Fathers *Diet* and thine own,
Thy *Birthright's* aliend, and thy *Bleſſing's* gone:
How does one miſchief overtake another?
In both, how overtaken by a Brother?
Could thy imperious ſtomack but have ſtay'd,
And if thy Fathers had not been delay'd,
Thou had'ſt not need have wept and pleaded ſo,
But kept thy *Birthright*, and thy *Bleſſing* too:
Had thy unproſperous, thy un-lucky hand
Diſpatch'd thy *Ven'zon*, as it did thy Land,
Thy ſorrowes had not made ſo great a Heape:
That had not beene ſo deare; nor this, ſo cheape:
Had thine giv'n place but to thy Fathers will,
Th'adſt had thy *Birthright*; and thy *Bleſſing* ſtill.

The

60.

On the absence of a blessing.

THe blessing gon, what do's there now remaine?
Esau's offended; *Iacob* must be slaine:
The heart of man once emptied of a Grace,
How soone the *Devill* justles in the place!

61.

On the younger Brother.

I Know, the *Elder* and the *Younger*, too,
Are both alike to God; Nor one, nor other
Can pleade their yeares; But yet we often doe
Observe, the blessing's on the *yonger Brother*:
The Scripture notes it, but does spare to show
A reason; therefore, I despaire to know.

62.

On Cain.

BEfore that *Monster* spilt his Brothers Blood,
W'are sure the *fourth* part of the world was *good*:
O, what a dearth of goodnesse did there grow,
When the *Fourth* part was murd'red at a blow!

63.

On the righteous Man.

PRomise is *debt*: And Debt implies a *paiment*:
How can the righteous then doubt *food* & *raiment*?

By

63.

On Faith, Love, and Charity.

BY nature *Faith* is fiery, and it tends
Still upward; *Love*, by native course, descends:
But *Charity*, whose nature doth confound
And mixe the former two, moves ever round:
Lord, let thy *Love* descend, and then the Fire
Of sprightly *Faith* shall kindle, and aspire:
O, then, my circling *Charity* shall move
In proper motion, mixt of *Faith* and *Love*.

64.

On Jacobs *Pillow.*

THe Bed, was *Earth*, the raised Pillow, *Stones*,
Whereon poore *Iacob* rests his head, his Bones;
Heaven was his *Canopy*; the shades of night
Were his drawne *Curtaines*, to exclude the *Light*:
Poore state for *Isacks* heyre! It seemes to mee,
His Cattell found as soft a *Bed*, as Hee:
Yet God appeared there, his *Ioy*, his *Crowne*;
God is not alwaies seene in Beds of Doune:
O, if that God shall please to make my *Bed*,
I care not where I rest my bones, my Head;
With Thee, my wants can never prove extreame;
With *Iacobs Pillow*, give me *Iacobs Dreame:*

Faith

65.

On Faith.

Faith do's acknowledge *gifts*, altho' we have not;
It keeps unseen those sins, Confession hid not;
It makes us to enjoy the Goods we have not;
It counts as done, those pious deeds, we did not;
It works; endows; it freely 'accepts; it hides:
What Grace is absent where true *Faith* abides?

66.

On Zacheus.

ME thinks, I see, with what a busie hast,
Zacheus clim'd the tree: But, O, how fast,
How full of speed, canst thou imagine (when
Our *Saviour* call'd) he powder'd downe agen!
He ne'r made tryall, if the boughes were sound,
Or rotten; nor how far 'twas to the ground:
There was no danger fear'd: at such a Call,
Hee'l venture nothing, that dare feare a fall:
Needs must he down, by such a *Spirit* driven;
Nor could he fall, unlesse he fell to *Heaven:*
Downe came Zacheus, ravisht from the Tree;
Bird that was shot, ne'r dropt so quick as he.

67.

On the Thiefe and Slanderer.

THe *Thiefe* and *Slanderer* are almost the same;
T'one steales my *goods*; the other my *good name*:
T'one lives in scorne; the other dies in shame.

68.

On Abrahams *pleading for Sodom.*

HOw loth was righteous *Abraham* to ceaſe,
To beat the price of luſtfull *Sodomes* peace!
Marke how his holy boldneſſe intercepts
Gods *Iuſtice*; brings his *Mercy* downe, by ſteps:
He dare not bid ſo few as *Ten*; at firſt;
Nor yet from *Fifty* righteous perſons, durſt
His Zeale, on ſudden, make too great a fall,
Although he wiſht ſalvation to them all.
Great God! thy dying *Son* has pow'r to cleare
A world of ſins, that one ſhall not appeare
Before thine angry eyes: What wonder then,
To ſee thee fall, from *Fifty* downe to *Ten*!

69.

On mans goodneſſe.

THy hand, great God, created all things good;
But Man rebell'd, and in defiance ſtood
Againſt his owne *Creation*, and did ſtaine,
Nay loſt that goodneſſe which the Beaſts retaine;
What hap has man, poore Man, above the reſt,
That hath leſſe *goodneſſe* left him, then a *Beaſt*!

70.

On Zacheus.

SHort legg'd *Zacheus*, 'Twas the happieſt *Tree*
That ever mortall clim'd, I meane, to *Thee*:

Thy

Thy paines in going up, receiv'd the Crowne
Of all thy labour, at thy comming downe:
Thy Statures lowneſſe gave thee faire occaſion
To mount that *Tree*; that Tree, to find *Salvation*:
But was't the *Tree*, *Zacheus?* No, 'twas *Hee*,
Whoſe bleeding Body dy'd upon the *Tree*.

71.

On the Roman, Turke, and Atheiſt.

THe *Roman* worſhips God upon the *wall*;
The *Turke*, a falſe *God*; Th' *Atheiſt*, none at all.

72.

On Babels Building.

GReat God, no ſooner borne, but we begin
Babels accurs'd Foundation, by our *Sin*:
Our *thoughts*, our *words*, our *deeds* are ever yeelding
The ſad *Materials* of our ſinfull Building:
Should not thy *Grace* prevent it, it would even
Riſe, and riſe up, untill it reach'd to heaven:
Lord, ere our *Building* ſhall begin to ſhow,
Confound our *Language*, and our *Building* too.

73.

On the Thiefe and the Lyer.

THe *Lyer* and the *Thiefe* have one Vocation;
Their difference is but onely in their *Faſhion*:
They both deceive; but diverſly proceed:
The firſt deceives by *Word*; the laſt, by *Deed*.

74.

On the Egyptians Famine.

MArke but the courſe the pin'd *Egyptians* run:
When all their *coyn*, when all their *corn* is done,
They come to *Ioſeph*, and their ſtomacks plead;
They chãge their *beaſts* for *corn*, their *flocks* for *bread*;
Yet ſtill they want: Obſerve what now they doo;
They give their *Lands*, and yeeld their *Bodies* too:
Now they have *Corn* enough; and now, they ſhall
Have *ſeed* to ſow their barren ſoyle withall;
Provided that the fift of their increaſe
Be *Pharoe's*: Now their ſtomacks are at peace:
Thus when the *Famine* of the Word ſhall ſtrike
Our hungry *Soules*; our Soules muſt doe the like:
We firſt muſt part with, (as by their directions)
Our Flocks, our Beaſts, our Beſtiall *Affections*:
When they are gone; what then muſt Sinners doe?
Give up their *Lands*, their *Soules* and *Bodies* too:
O, then our hearts ſhall be refreſht and fed,
We ſhall have *ſeed* to ſow, and preſent *Bread*:
Allowing but the fift of our increaſe,
Wee ſhall have plenty and our ſoules have peace.
How art thou pleas'd, *good God*, that *Man* ſhould live!
How ſlow art thou to take! how free to give!

75.

On Zacheus.

WEll clim'd, *Zacheus*; 'Twas a ſtep well giv'n:
Frõ hence toth' *Tree*; & frõ the *Tree* to *Heaven*!

I.

76.
On the Ploughman.

I Heare the whiſtling *Ploughman*, all day long,
Sweetning his labour with a cheerfull ſong:
His Bed's a Pad of *Straw*; His dyet, courſe;
In both, he fares not better then his *Horſe*:
He ſeldome ſlakes his thirſt, but from the *Pumpe*;
And yet his heart is blithe; his viſage, plumpe;
His thoughts are nere acquainted with ſuch things,
As *Griefes* or *Feares*; He oneiy ſweats, and ſings:
When as the Landed *Lord*, that cannot dine
Without a Qualme, if not refreſht with *Wine*;
That cannot judge that controverted caſe,
'Twixt meat and mouth, without the *Bribe* of Sauce;
That claimes the ſervice of the pureſt linnen,
To pamper and to ſhrowd his dainty skin in;
Groanes out his dayes, in lab'ring to appeaſe
The rage of either *Buſineſſe*, or *Diſeaſe*:
Alas, his ſilken *Robes*, his coſtly *Diet*
Can lend a little pleaſure, but no *Quiet*:
The untold ſummes of his deſcended wealth
Can give his body plenty, but not *Health*:
The one, in Paines, and want, poſſeſſes all;
T'other, in Plenty, findes no peace at all;
'Tis ſtrange! And yet the cauſe is eaſily known;
T'one's at *Gods* finding; t'other, at his *owne*.

77.

On a happy Kingdome.

THat Kingdome, and none other, happy is,
Where *Moſes*, and his *Aaron* meet, and kiſſe.

78.

On Gods appearance to Moſes.

GOd firſt appear'd, to *Moſes*, in the *Myre*;
The next time he appear'd, h'appeard in *Fire*;
The third time, he was knowne to *Moſes* eye
Upon mount *Sinai*, cloath'd in *Majeſty*.
Thrice God appeares to Man: firſt wallowing in
His foule pollution, and baſe *Myre* of Sin;
And like to *Pharoes* daughter does bemone
Our helpleſſe State, and drawes us for his owne:
The next time, he appeares in *Fire*, whoſe bright
And gentle flames conſume not, but give light;
It is the Fire of *Grace*; where man is bound
To d'off his *Shooes*, becauſe 'tis *holy ground*:
The laſt appearance ſhall be in that *Mount*,
Where ev'ry Soule ſhall render an Account
Of *good* or *evill*; where all things Tranſitory
Shall ceaſe; & *Grace* be crown'd with perfect *Glory*.

Thy

79.

On Gods Law.

Thy Sacred *Law*, O God,
Is like to MOSES *Rod:*
If wee but keepe it in our hand,
It will doe Wonders in the Land;
If we ſleight and throw it to the Ground,
'Twill turne a *Serpent*, and inflict a Wound;
A *Wound* that Fleſh and Blood cannot endure,
Nor ſalve, untill the *Brazen Serpent* cure:
I wiſh not, *Lord*, thou ſhouldſt *withhold it*;
Nor would I *have it*, and not hold *it:*
O teach mee then, my God,
To handle MOSES *Rod.*

80.

On Pharoe's *bricke.*

OUr God's not like to *Pharoh*; to require
His tale of *Bricke*, and give no *Straw* for Fire:
His workmen wanted *ſtraw*, and yet were laſht,
For not performance: We have *ſtraw unthraſht*,
Yet we are idle, and we winch, and kicke
Againſt our Burthens, and returne no *Bricke:*
We ſpend our Straw, for *Litter* in the Stable,
And then we cry; Alas! *We are not able*;
Thinke not on Iſraels ſufferings, in that day,
When thy offended Juſtice ſhall repay
Our labour; Lord, when thou upheav'ſt thy *Rod*,
Thinke, *Pharoh* was a *Tyrant*; Thou, a *God.*

This

81

On the insatiableneſſe of Mans heart.

THis *Globe* of earth ha's not the pow'r to fill
The heart of Man, but it deſires ſtill:
By him that ſeeks, the Cauſe is eaſily found;
The Heart's *Triangular*; the earth is *Round*;
He may be full, but never to the brim
Be fill'd with Earth, till earth be fill'd with him.

82.

On Pharoe's *hard heartedneſſe.*

PLagues after *Plagues!* And yet not *Pharoh* yeeld
T'enlarge poore *Iſrael!* Was thy *heart* ſo ſteel'd,
Rebellious Tyrant, that it dare withſtand
The oft repeated *Iudgements* of Heav'ns hand?
Could neither *Mercies oyle*, nor *Iudgements thunder*
Diſſolve, nor breake thy flinty heart in ſunder?
No, no, What *Sun beames* ſoften not, they harden;
Purpos'd *Rebellions* are aſleepe to Pardon.

83.

On the change of Pharoe's *fortune.*

OBſerve what *peace* great *Pharo's* kingdome found
While *Ioſeph* liv'd; what *proſprous bleſſings* cround
His happy dayes! Heav'ns plague-inflicting hand
Was then a ſtranger to his *peacefull Land:*
Peace was entayl'd upon his Royall *Throne*;
His Land had plenty, when the World had none;

His

His full *desires* over-flow'd their Brim,
Favours came downe unask't, unsought by him:
His *Scepter* flouriſh'd, from a God unknowne,
No need to trouble any of his owne:
While *Ioseph* liv'd, his *Blessings* had no end;
That God was his, whil'ſt he was *Iosephs* Frend:
These temp'rall Blessings heav'n doth, often, share
Vnto the wicked, at the good mans Prayer.
But *Ioseph* dies: And *Iosephs* Sons muſt fall
Beneath their Burthens, and be ſcourg'd withall;
Whilſt Tyrant *Pharohs* more ſeverer hand
Keeps them laborious *Priſ'ners* in his Land:
God oft permits his Children to be hurld
Into diſtreſſe, to weane them from the world.
But *Pharohs* Bleſſings alter with his *Brow*;
The budding Scepter's turn'd a *ſerpent* now:
His land muſt groan; her *plagues* muſt ſtill encreaſe,
Till *Iacobs* Off-ſpring ſhall find *Iacobs* peace;
Gods Children are the apples of his Eye,
Whoſe touch is death, if being toucht, they cry.
Now Tyrant *Pharoh* dares no longer chuſe,
Iſrael muſt goe: *Pharoh* repents, purſues;
Pharoh wants *Brick*; *Pharoh*, ére long, I feare,
Will find the purchaſe of his *Brick* too deare:
Moſes holds forth his *Rod*; The *Seas* divide;
The *Waves* are turn'd to *Walls* on either ſide:
They paſſe ſecure; *Pharoh* purſues them ſtill:
God leaves his Children to the brunt of Ill:
The Chariot-*Wheeles* fly off, the *Harneſſe* cracks;
One wants a *Naile*; the next, a *Hammer* lacks:
How Man is croſſ'd and puzzel'd in that Plot,
Where Heaven denies ſucceſſe, and proſpers not!

Moſes holds forth his *Rod*: The *Eaſtern* wind
Calls back the *Tydes*: The parted *Waters* joyn'd,
And overwhelm'd great *Pharo* and *Pharoes Hoſt*:
None ſcap'd to tell the news: All drown'd, and loſt:
Thus thrives Rebellion: *Plagues* not doing good,
Oft-times conclude their *Ceremonie* in Blood:
Thus hardned hearts grow more and more obdure;
And Heav'n cuts off, when Earth is moſt ſecure.

84.
On the Firſt-borne.

THe *Firſt-born* of th'Egyptians all were ſlaine,
From him that holds the *Scepter* to the *Swaine*:
But all that are *Firſt-borne* in *Iſrael*, be
Accepted, Lord, and ſanctified to Thee:
Thy looks are alwaies turn'd upon the Prime
Of all our *Actions*, *Words*, our *Thoughts*, our *Time*:
Thy pleaſed Eye is fixt upon the *Firſt*;
And from the *Womb* w'are thine, or elſe accurſt.

85.
On Baptized Infants.

I Dare not judge thoſe Judgements, ill advis'd,
That hold ſuch *Infants* ſav'd, as die baptiz'd:
What hinders Life? *Originall* hath bin
New waſht away; There's yet no *Actuall ſin*:
Death is th'effect of *ſin*: The Cauſe being gon,
What ground is left for Death to worke upon?
I know not: But of Iſraels ſons 'tis found,
Moſes was ſav'd; I read that none was drownd.

No

86.
On the grumbling Israelites.

NO sooner out, but grumble? Is the *Brick*
So soone forgotten? 'Tis a common trick:
Serve God in Plenty: Egypt can doe thus;
No thanks to serve our God, when God serves us:
Some sullen Curres, *when they perceive a* Bone,
Will wagg their Tayles and faune; but snarle, if none.

87.
On Mans Rebellion.

O How perverse is *Flesh* and *Blood*! in whom
Rebellion blossoms from the very Wombe!
What Heav'n commands, how lame we are to do!
And things forbid how soone perswaded to!
We never reade rebellious *Israel* did
Bow to strange gods, till *Israel* was forbid.

88.
On Israel.

HAd *Israel*, in her want, been truly humbled,
Isr'el had *pray'd*, & *gron'd* to heav'n; not *grumbled*
But *Isr'el* wanted food: *Isr'els* complaint
Could not be fervent, *Isr'el* being faint:
Isr'el gets food: Now *Isr'el* is so full,
That her Devotion, and her Zeale is dull.
Lord, when art thou in season? When's the time,
To doe thee service? When's our *Zeale* in prime?

'Tis alwaies either not full ripe or wasting:
We cannot serve our God nor *Full* nor *Fasting*.

89.

On the Sinners Refuge.

HE that shall shed, with a presumptuous hand,
The blood of *Man*; must, by thy just command,
Be put to death: The *Murtherer* must dye;
Thy Law denies him refuge where to flye:
Great God, our hands have slaine a *man*; nay further,
They have committed a presumptuous murther
Upon a guiltlesse *Man*; Nay, what is worse,
They have betraid our *Brother* to the Curse
Of a reproachfull *death*; Nay, what exceeds,
It is our *Lord*, our dying *Saviour* bleeds:
Nay more; It is thy *Son*, thy *only Son*;
All this have we, all this our hands have done:
On what deare *Objects* shall we turne our eye?
Looke to the *Law*? O! by the Law, we dye.
Is there no *Refuge*, Lord? No place that shall
Secure our soules from *Death*? Ah, none at all!
What shall poore *Mortals* do? thy Laws are just,
And most irrevocable: Shall we trust
Or fly to our own *Merits*, and be freed
By our good *Works*? I; there were help indeed!
Is there no *Citie* for a Soule to flye,
And save it selfe? Must we resolve to dye?
O Infinite! O not to be expresst!
Nay, not to be conceived by the brest
Of *Men* or *Angels*! O transcendent *Love*!
Incomprehensible! as farre above

The

The reach of *Man*, as mans deſerts are under
The ſacred Benefit of ſo bleſt a *Wonder!*
That very *Blood* our ſinfull hands have ſhed,
Cryes loud for *Mercy*, and thoſe *Wounds* do plead
For thoſe that made them: he that pleads, forgives;
And is both *God*, and *Man*; both dead, and lives;
He whom we murther'd, is become our *Guarden*;
Hee's Man, to ſuffer; and Hee's God, to pardon:
Here's our *Protection*; Here, our *Refuge* City,
Whoſe living ſprings run *Piety* and *Pity*:
Goe then, my *Soule*, and paſſe the common Bounds
Of *Paßion*, Goe, and kneele before his *Wounds*;
Goe touch them with thy lips: thou needſt not feare:
They will not bleed afreſh, though Thou be there:
But if they doe, that very *Blood*, thou ſpilt,
Beleev't, will plead thy *Pardon*, not thy *Guilt*.

90.
On the depoſing of Princes.

I Know not by what vertue *Rome* depoſes
A Chriſtian *Prince*: Did *Aaron* command *Moſes*?
If ſacred Scriptures mention ſuch a thing,
Sure *Rome* has colour to depoſe a *King*.

91.
On PETERS *Keyes.*

THe pow'r of *Peter* does all pow'r excell;
He opens Heav'n; He ſhuts the *Doores* of Hell;
The *Keyes* are his; In what a caſe were they,
Should *Peters* Succeſſors miſtake the *Key*?

92.
On Offerings.

ARe all ſuch *Offrings*, as are cruſht, and bruis'd,
Forbid thy *Altar?* May they not be us'd?
And muſt all *broken things* be ſet apart?
No, Lord: Thou wilt accept a *Broken heart.*

93.
On Vſurers.

OF all men, *Vſurers* are not leaſt accurſt;
They rob the *Spittle*, pinch th' Afflicted worſt:
In others griefe they'r moſt delighted in;
Whil'ſt *Givers* ſuffer for the *Takers* ſin.
O how unjuſt a *Trade* of life is that,
Which makes the *Lab'rers* lean, and th' *idle* fat!

94.
On Repentance.

CAnſt thou recover thy conſumed *Fleſh*,
From the well-feaſted *Wormes?* Or put on freſh?
Canſt thou redeeme thy *Aſhes* from the dead?
Or quit thy Carkaſs from her *ſheet* of *Lead?*
Canſt thou awaken thy earth-cloſed *eyes?*
Unlock thy Marble Monument, and riſe?
All this thou may'ſt performe, with as great eaſe,
As to repent thee, mortall, when thou pleaſe:
It is thy *Grave*, not *Bed*, that thou art in:
Th'art not *aſleep*, but thou art *dead* in *Sin.*

Nature

95.
On Wine and Water.

Nature and *Grace*, who ever taſted both,
Differ as much, as *Wine* and *Water* doth:
This cleanſe (if not groſly ſtayn'd with *ſin*)
The outward *Man*: but ſcowers not, within:
That cheares the heart, and makes the Courage bold,
Quickens and warmes dead *ſpirits* that are cold:
It fires the *Blood*, and makes the ſoule *divine*:
O that my *Water*, Lord, were turn'd to *Wine*!

96.
On Balaams *Aſſe.*

THe *Aſſe*, that for her ſlowneſſe was forbid
To be imployed in Gods ſervice, did
Performe good ſervice now, in being ſlow:
The *Aſſe* received ſtripes, but would not goe:
She baulk'd the way, & *Balaam* could not guide her:
The *Aſſe* had far more wiſdome then the *Rider*:
The *Meſſage* being bad, the *Aſſe* was loth
To be the *Bearer*: 'Twas a happy ſloth;
'Twas well for *Balaam*: Had his *Aſſe* buttry'd
Another ſtep, *Balaam* had ſurely dy'd.
Poore *Aſſe*! And was thy faithfull ſervice payd
With oft-repeated ſtroakes? Hadſt thou obayd,
Thy Lord had bought thy travell, with his blood;
Such is mans payment, often bad for good:
The *Aſſe* begins to queſtion with his *Maſter*,
Argues the caſe, pleads why he went no faſter:

Nay,

Nay, ſhewes him *Myſt'ries*, far beyond his reach;
Sure, God wants Prophets, when dull Aſſes *preach:*
The *Aſſe* perceives the *Angell*, and fals downe;
When *Balaam* ſees him not; or ſees, unknowne:
Nor is't a wonder: for Gods *Spirit* did paſſe
From blindfold *Balaam*, into *Balaams Aſſe.*

97.

On ſome raw Divines.

SOme raw *Divines*, no ſooner are eſpous'd
To their firſt *Wives*, and in the *Temple* hous'd,
But ſtraight the *Peace* is broke: They now begin
T'appoint the *Field*, to fight their *Battailes* in:
School-men muſt war with *School-men*; text with *text:*
The firſt's the *Chaldee's Paraphraſe*; the next
The *Septuagints: Opinion* thwarts *Opinion*;
The *Papiſt* holds the firſt; The laſt, th' *Arminian*;
And then the *Councels* muſt be call'd t'advice,
What this of *Lateran* ſayes; what that of *Nice:*
And here the point muſt be anew diſputed;
Arius is falſe; and *Bellarmin's* confuted:
Thus with the ſharpe *Artill'ry* of their Wit,
They ſhoot at *random*, careleſſe where they hit:
The ſlightly ſtudied *Fathers* muſt be prayd,
Although on ſmall acquaintance, in to ayd,
Whoſe glorious *Varniſh* muſt impoſe a gloſſe
Upon their *Paint*, whoſe gold muſt gild their *droſſe:*
Now *Martin Luther* muſt be purg'd by them,
From all his *Errors*, like a School-boyes *Theam*;
Free-will's diſputed, *Conſubſtantiation*,
And the deep Ocean of *Predeſtination*,

Where

Where, daring venture, oft, too farre into't,
They *Pharoh* like, are drownd both *Horſe* and *Foot*:
Forgetting that the Sacred *Law* enjoynes
New-married men to ſit beneath their *Vines*,
And cheare their *Wives*: They muſt not venture out
To *Warre*, untill the Yeare be run about.

98.

On buying of the Bible.

TIs but a folly to rejoyce or boaſt,
How ſmal a *price*, thy wel-bought *Pen'worth* coſt
Untill thy death, thou ſhalt not fully know
Whether thy *Purchaſe* be good cheape, or no;
And at that day, beleev't, it will appeare,
If not extremely *cheape*, extremely *deare*.

99.

On the buying of the New Teſtament.

R*Eader*, If thou wilt prove no more
Then what I terme thee, ev'n before
Thou aske the *price*, turn back thine eye;
If otherwiſe, unclaſpe, and buy:
Know then, the *price* of what thou buy'ſt,
Is the deare Blood of *Ieſus Chriſt*;
Which *Price* is over-deare to none,
That dares protect it with his *owne*:
If thou ſtand guilty of the *price*,
Ev'n ſave thy purſ-ſtrings, and be wiſe;
Thy mony will but, in concluſion,
Make purchaſe of thy owne *Confuſion*:

But if that guilt be done away,
Thou mayſt as ſafely buy, as pay.

100.

To my Booke.

My Little Pinnace, *ſtrike thy* Sailes,
Let ſlip thy Anchor: *The* Winde *failes:*
And Sea-men oft in Calmes *do feare*
That foule, and boyſtrous weather's neare;
If a robuſtious Storme *ſhould riſe,*
And bluſter from Cenſorious Eyes,
Although the ſwelling Waves be rough,
And proud, thy Harbour's *ſafe enough:*
Reſt, reſt a while, till ebbing Tides
Shall make thee ſtanch *and* breme *thy ſides;*
When Windes *ſhall ſerve, hoiſt up thy* Saile,
And fly before a proſp'rous Gale;
That all the Coaſters *may reſort,*
And bid thee welcome to thy Port.

The end of the firſt *Booke.*

DIVINE FANCIES.

The second Booke.

1.

To Almighty God.

LOrd, Thou requir'st the first
of all our *Time*,
The first of all *Actions*, and
the prime
Of all our *Thoughts*; And, *Lord*, good reason, we,
When thou giv'st all, should give the *First* to Thee:
But O, we often rob thee of thy due,
Like *Elies* Children, whom thy vengeance slue:

We pinch thy *Offring* to enlarge our *Fee*;
We keepe the *Fat*, and carve the *Leane* to thee:
We thruſt our three-tooth'd *Fleſh-hooke* in thy *Pot*,
That onely, what the *Fleſh-hooke* taketh not,
We ſhare to thee: Lord, we are ſtill deceiving;
We take the *Prime*, and feed thee with our *leaving*:
Our Sluttiſh *Bowles* are cream'd with ſoile and filth;
Our Wheat is full of *Chaffe*; of *Tares*, our Tilth:
Lord, what in *Fleſh* and *Blood* can there be had,
That's worth the having, when the beſt is bad!
Here's nothing *good*, unleſſe thou pleaſe to make it;
O, then, if ought be worth the taking, take it.

2.

On Gods Dyet.

DEare Lord; when we approch thy ſacred *Fire*,
To burne our *Sacrifice*, thou do'ſt require
The *Heads* of ev'ry Beaſt that dyes; the *Hearts*;
Th'encloſed *Fat*; and all the *Inward parts*:
Our *Senſes* and our *Memories* muſt be
All ſet apart, and ſanctifi'd to Thee;
The ſtrength of our *Deſires*, the beſt perfections
Of our imperfect *Wills*, the choyce Affections
Of our refined *hearts* muſt all conjoyne
To ſeeke thy *Glory*: They muſt all be thine:
I know thy *Dyet*, Lord; Of all the reſt,
Thou do'ſt affect the *Head and Purtnance*, beſt.

We

3.

On Moſes *Birth and Death.*

WE reade; no ſooner new-borne *Moſes* crept
Into this vale of *Teares*, but th'Infant wept;
But, being warned of his *Death*, his *Laſt*,
We find it ſtoried, that he ſung as faſt:
Theſe ſev'rall Paſſions found their reaſon, why;
He dy'd to *live*, but he was borne to *dye*:
To whom this tranſitory life ſhall bring
Juſt cauſe to *weepe*; there, Death gives cauſe to *ſing*.

4.

On Jeptha's *Vow.*

VIctorious *Ieptha*, could thy *Zeale* allow
No other way, then by a raſh made *Vow*,
T'expreſſe thy *Thanks*? A *Vow*, whoſe undertaking
Was ev'n a Sin more odious, then the making:
'Twas cruel *Piety* that taught thee how
To paddle in thy *Daughters* Blood: But thou,
Unlucky *Virgin*! was there none to bee
Betwixt thy Fathers mortall *Brow*, and *Thee*?
Why cam'ſt thou forth, ſweet *Virgin*? To what end
Mad'ſt thou ſuch needleſſe haſt? Thou cam'ſt, to lend
Thy filiall *Triumph* to thy Fathers *Wreath*;
Thou thought'ſt to meet a *Bleſſing*, and not *Death*:
Raſh *Ieptha*! may not thy repentance quit
That *Vow*, when Raſhneſſe was the Cauſe of it?
O canſt thou not diſpenſe with that, wherein
Thy ſtrict Religion's a preſumptuous *Sin*?

Is ſhe unhappy, or thou cruell rather?
Unhappy *Child*, and too too cruell *Father*.

5.

On Jeſus *and* Sampſon.

AN *Angel* did to *Manoahs* wife appeare, (beare.
And brought the news her barren *Womb* ſhould
Did not another *Angel*, if not Hee,
Thrice bleſſed *Virgin*, bring the ſame to thee?
The Wife of *Manoah* (nine moneths being run)
Her Heav'n-ſaluted *womb* brought forth a *Son*:
To thee, ſweet *Virgin*, full of Grace and Heaven,
A *Child* was borne, to us a *Son* was given:
The name of hers was *Sampſon*, borne to fight
For captiv'd *Iſrael*, and a *Nazarite*:
Thine was a *Nazrite* too, and borne to eaſe us
From Satans burthens, and his name is *Ieſus*:
Sampſon eſpous'd, and tooke in Marriage her
That was the child of an *Idolater*;
Our *Ieſus* tooke a wife, that bow'd the knee
And worſhipt unknowne *gods*, as well as ſhee:
Aſſaulted *Sampſon* met, and had to doe
With a fierce *Lyon*; foyld, and ſlue him too:
Our conquering *Ieſus* purchas'd higher fame;
His arme encountred *Death*, and overcame:
Victorious *Sampſon* ſtept aſide, and drew
Pure *Honey* from the Carcaſſe that he ſlew;
When our triumphing *Ieſus* ſought, and found
A greater *ſweetneſſe* in his *Lyons* wound.
Uxorious *Sampſon* pleaſes to divide
His purchas'd Honey, to his faireſt *Bride*:

But

But what? Is *Sampſon* ſingular in this?
Did not our *Ieſus* doe the like to *his*?
Sampſon propounds a *Riddle*, and does hide
The folded Myſt'ry in his faithleſſe Bride:
Our bleſſed *Ieſus* propounds *Riddles* too,
Too hard for Man, his Bride unſought, t'undoe:
The *Bride* forſakes her *Sampſon*; do's betroth her
To a new *Love*, and falſly weds another:
And did not the adult'rous *Iewes* forgoe
Their firſt Love *Ieſus*, and forſake him too?
Diſpleaſed *Sampſon* had the choice to wed
The *younger ſiſter* in the Elders ſtead:
Diſpleaſed *Ieſus* has eſpous'd the *Younger*;
God ſend her fairer; and affections ſtronger.
Sampſon ſent *Foxes* on his fiery errant,
Among their corne, & made their *crimes* his *warrant*;
Offended *Ieſus* ſhewes as able ſignes
Of wrath: His *Foxes* have deſtroyd their *Vines*:
Our *Sampſons* love to *Delilah* was ſuch,
That for her ſake poore *Sampſon* ſuffered much:
Our *Ieſus* had his *Delilah*: For her
His Soule became ſo great a ſufferer.
Sampſon was ſubject to their *ſcorne* and *ſhame*:
And was not *Ieſus* even the very ſame?
Sampſon's betrayed to the *Philiſtians* hands,
Was bound a while, but quickly brake his bands:
Ieſus the firſt, and ſecond day, could be
The *graves* cloſe priſ'ner; but, the third was free.
In this they differ'd; *Ieſus* dying Breath
Cry'd out for *Life*; but *Sampſons* cald for *Death*:
Father forgive them, did our *Ieſus* crie;
But *Sampſon*, *Let me be reveng'd and die*:

Since

Since then, *ſweet Saviour*, tis thy *Death* muſt eaſe us,
We fly from *Sampſon*, and appeale to *Ieſus*.

9.

On Elies *double cenſure.*

WHen barren *Hanna*, proſtrate on the Floore,
In heat of *zeale* and paſſion, did implore
Redreſſe from Heav'n, cenſorious *Ely* thought
She had been drunk, and checkt her for her fault;
Rough was his *Cenſure*, and his *Check*, auſtere;
Where mildneſſe ſhould be us'd, w'are oft ſevere.
But when his luſtfull Sonnes, that could abuſe
The *Houſe* of God, making her Porch their *ſtues*,
Appear'd before him, his indulgent tongue
Compounded rather then rebuk'd the wrong;
He dare not ſhoot, for fear he wound his *Childe*;
Where we ſhould be ſevere, w'are oft too milde.
Unequall *Ely!* was thy *ſentence* juſt,
To cenſure *Zeale*, and not to puniſh *Luſt?*
Could thy Parentall mildneſſe but have paſt
The former by as eaſly, as the laſt;
Or had the laſt, by juſt proportion, bin
Rated but like the firſt ſuppoſed ſin,
Perchance thy aged head had found encreaſe
Of ſome few dayes, and gone to ſleep in peace:
Paſſions miſplac'd are dangerous: Let all
Remember *Elies Faults*, with *Elies Fall.*

Haſt

7.

On the refining of Gold.

HAst thou obſerved how the curious hand
Of the *Refiner* ſeekes to underſtand
The inadult'rate pureneſſe of his *gold?*
He weighs it firſt, and after does infold
In *Lead*, and then commits it to the *Fire*;
And, as the *lead* conſumes, the *gold* drawes nigher
To his perfection, without waſt or loſſe
Of his pure ſubſtance, but his weight, his droſſe:
The Great *Refiner* of Mans baſer *Heart*
Uſes the like, nay ſhowes the ſelfe ſame *Art*;
He weighs it, firſt, and finding it too full
Of *Traſh* and *Earth*, he wraps it in ſome dull
And leaden croſſe, of *Puniſhment*, or *ſin*;
Then, tries it in Afflictions *Fire*; wherein
The *lead* and *Droſſe* evaporate together,
And leaves the *Heart* refin'd, and quit of either:
Thus though Mans Heart be leſſen'd by the *Croſſe*,
And lighter; 'tis but lighter by the *Droſſe*.

8.

On Dagon and the Arke.

WHat news with *Dagon?* Is thy ſhrine ſo hot,
Thou canſt not keepe it? Or has *Dagon* got
The falling ſickneſſe, that his *godſhip's* found
In ſuch a poſture, proſtrate on the ground?

Poore helpleſſe *god!* But ſtay! Is *Dagon* growne
So weake ith'hamms: nor ſtand, nor riſe, alone?
A *god*, and cannot riſe? Tis very odd!
He muſt have help, or lye: *A proper god!*
Well, *Dagon* muſt require help of hands;
Up *Dagon* goes the ſecond time, and ſtands
As confident as though his place had bin
His owne, in *Fee*: Downe *Dagon* falls agin:
But *Dagon's* ſhrewdly martyr'd with the jumpe,
Loſt *hands* and *Head*, and nothing left but *ſtumpe*:
Sure, all's not well with *Dagon*, now a late;
Hee's either ſicke, or much forgot the State
Belonging to ſo great a *god*: Has none
Offer'd ſome ſtinking *Sacrifice*, or blowne
Some nauſeous fume into his ſacred *Noſe*,
And made his *god-ſhip* dizzie? Or who knowes,
Perchance h'as taken Pett, and will reſigne
His ſullen place, and quit his empty Shrine.
No wonder, a *falſe god* ſhould ſtoop, and ly
Upon the floore when as a *true God's* by:
It was unlikely *Dagon* ſhould forbeare
Reſpite of *Homage*, when the *Ark* was there:
If I would worſhip a falſe *god* at all,
It ſhould be one that would not ſcorne to fall
Before his *Betters*: whoſe indiff'rent arme,
If it could do no good, could do no harme;
I'de rather chooſe to bend my idle knee,
Of all falſe *gods*, to ſuch a *god* as hee,
Whoſe ſpirit's not too *quick*: *The fabulous frogg*
Found greater danger in the Storke, then Logg:
And to conclude, I'de chooſe him, *Dagon* like,
Not having *Head*, to plot; nor *Hand*, to ſtrike.

Sure

9.

On Saul *and* David.

SUre, *Saul* as little look'd to be a *King*,
As I: and *David* dream'd of ſuch a thing,
As much as he; when both alike did keepe,
The one his Fathers *Aſſes*; t'other, *ſheepe*:
Saul muſt forſake his *Whip*; and *David* flings
His *Crook* aſide; And they muſt both be *Kings*:
Saul had no *ſword*; and *David*, then no *ſpeare*,
There was none *Conquer'd*, nor no *Conqu'ror* there;
There was no *ſweat*; there was no *blood*, to ſhed;
The unſought Crowne beſought the *wearers* head;
There was no *ſtratagem*; No Oppoſition,
No taken parts, No jealous *Competition*:
There needs no *Art*; There needs no *ſword* to bring,
And place the *Crowne*, where *God* appoints the *King*.

10.

On David *and* Goliah.

SAtan's the great *Goliah*, that ſo boaſts
And threats our *Iſrael*, and defies her *Hoſts*:
Thoſe ſmoother *ſtones* couragious *David* tooke
From the ſoft boſome of the ſilver Brooke,
Are *Scriptum eſts*: The *ſling* that gives them flight,
Is *Faith*; That makes them flie, and flie aright:
Lord, lend me *Davids ſling*, and then I know,
I ſhall have *Davids ſtrength* and *courage* too:
Give me but skill to pick ſuch *ſtones* as theſe,
And I will meet *Goliah* when he pleaſe.

11.

On Sauls *Witch.*

WHen *Saul* receiv'd no *answer* down frō *heavē*,
How quickly was his jealous *passion* driv'n
A desp'rate Course! He needs must cure the *Itch*
Of his etxreame desires, by a *Witch*:
When we have lost our way to God, *how levell*,
How easie to be found's the way to th' Divell.

12.

On the necessity of Gods presence.

WHen thou wert present with thy *strengthning* (*Grace*,
Saul propheſied, and fought:
But when, *Great God*, thou didst with-draw thy *face*,
Murther was in his thought:
Thus, as thou giv'st, or tak'st away thy *hand*,
We either *fall* or *stand*.

13.

Davids *Epitaph on* Jonathan.

HEre lies the *fairest* Flowre, *that stood*
In Isr'els Garden; *now*, *in* Blood;
Which Death to make her Garland *gay*,
Hath crept, *against her* Triumph Day:
Here, *here lies Hee whose Actions pen'd*
The perfect Copie *of a Friend*:

Whose

Whose milke-white Vellam *did incurre*
No least suspicion of a Blurre:
Here lies th'example of a Brother,
Not to be follow'd by another;
The faire indented Counter-part
of Davids Joy, *of* Davids Heart:
Rest then; For ever, rest alone;
Thy Ashes *can be touch'd by none,*
Till Death *hath pickt out such another:*
Here lies a Flow'r, *a* Friend, *a* Brother.

14.
On Gods Word.

GOds sacred *Word* is like the *Lampe* of Day,
Which softens *wax*, but makes obdure the *clay*;
It either melts the *Heart*, or more obdures;
It never falls in vaine; It *wounds*, or *cures*.
Lord, make my breast thy *Hive*, and then I know,
Thy *Bees* will bring in *Wax*, and *Honey* too.

15.
On Man.

BY Nature, Lord, men worse then nothing be;
And lesse then *Nothing*, if compar'd with *Thee*:
If lesse and worse then *Nothing*, tell me then,
Where is that *Something*, thou so boasts proud *Man*?

16.

On Ahaz *Dyall.*

MAns *Heart's* like *Ahaz Dyall*; If it flees
Not forward, it goes backward ten *Degrees.*

17.

On Luſt.

LUſt is an *Ignis fatuus*, that ariſes (prizes
From the baſe *Earth*, that playes her wanton
In ſolitary *Hearts*, and ever haunts
Darke places, whoſe deceitfull flame inchaunts
The wandring ſteps of the diverted *ſtranger*,
Still tempting his miſ-guided feet to danger:
She never leaves, till by her faire deluſion,
Shee brings him headlong to his owne *confuſion.*

18.

On Thamar *and* Amnon.

SHe muſt be lov'd; then courted; and what more?
Enjoy'd; then hated; then expeld the doore:
Amnon muſt be diſcov'red, muſt obtaine
Licenſe to feaſt; and then, be drunk; then ſlaine:
O what Repoſe is had in ſinfull *Breath*,
Whoſe love, in *haſte*; whoſe mirth concludes in *death*!

They'r

19.

On Love and Lust.

THey'r wide, that take baſe Luſt, for Loves *halfe-brother*,
Yeelding two *Fathers*, but the ſelf ſame *Mother*:
Luſt is a Monſter, that's conceiv'd and bred
Of the abuſed *Will*, maintain'd and fed
With *ſenſuall thoughts*; Of nature, rude, uncivill;
Of life, robuſtious; and whoſe *Sire's* the Devill:
But *Love's* the Childe of *th' uncorrupted Will*,
Nouriſht with *Vertue*, poys'ned with the *ſwill*
Of baſe reſpects; Of nature, ſweet and milde;
In manners, gentle; eaſly known, whoſe *Childe*;
For, by the likeneſſe, ev'ry eye may gather,
That hee's the Off-ſpring of a Heav'nly *Father*:
This, ſuffers all things; *That*, can ſuffer nothing:
This, never ends; *That*, ever ends in loathing:
T'one loves the *Darkeneſſe* moſt: The other, *Light*:
The laſt's the Childe of *Day*; the firſt, of *Night*:
The one is meeke; *The other*, full of Fire:
This never laggs; *That* ever apt to tire:
T'one's raſh and furious; *T'other* milde and ſage:
That dies with youth; whil'ſt *This* ſurvives with age:
The *One's* couragious; *T'other* full of feares:
That ſeeks; *The other* baulks both eyes and eares:
In briefe, to know them both aright, and miſſe not;
In all reſpects, *t'one* is, what *t'other* is not:
So far from *Brothers* that they ſeeme disjoin'd,
Not in *Condition* only, but in *kinde*.
Admit a falſhood, that they had one *Mother*:
The beſt that *Luſt* can claime's a *Baſtard Brother*.

Great

Great God, must thou be conscious of that Name,
Which jealous Mortals count the height of shame?
And not thy Nuptiall *Bed* alone defil'd,
But to be charged with the base-borne *Child?*
And yet not mov'd? and yet not move thy *Rod?*
Hast thou not cause to be a *Iealous God?*
Can thy just *Iealousies*, great God, be grounded
On Mans disloyalty, not Man confounded?

20.

On a Tinder-Box.

MY Soule is like to *Tinder*, whereinto
The Devill strikes a *sparke*, at ev'ry blow;
My Heart's the *flint*; The *steele* Temptation is;
And his suggestions hit, and never misse:
His *hand* is ever sure; My *Tinder* apt to catch,
Soone sets a fire ev'ry proffer'd *Match*.

21.

On Achitophel.

SAge were thy *Counsels*, and as well apply'd
If thou hadst had but *Loyalty* on thy side:
I like thy last *Designe*, (above the rest)
When thou hadst set thine house in *order*, best;
In all Exploits, the *Rule* is not so ample,
Not halfe so beneficiall as th' *Example*:
Th' Almighty prosper *Christian* Crowns; and blesse
All such like *Counsels*, with the like successe:
Confound *Achitophel*: and, Lord, impart
His *Head* to us; and to our Foes, his *Heart*.

Vnhappy

22.

On Sinne.

Vnhappy Man! *Whose every breath*
Is Sin: *Whose every sin is death:*
SIN, first Originall; then our actuall *sin*:
Our *sins* that sally forth; our *sins* that lurk within:
Our wilfull *sins*; and worlds of *sins*, by chance:
Our conscious *sins*; our *sins* of darker Ignorance:
Our oft-repeated *sins*: *Sins* never reckon'd: (cond:
Gainst the first Table *sins*; *Sins* done against the se-
Our Pleading *sins*; Our *sins* without a cause:
Our Gospel-*sins*; rebellious *sins* against thy lawes:
Our *sins* against our vowes; fresh *sins* agin:
Sin of infirmity; and high presumptuous *sin*:
Thus like our *Lines*, our Lives begin,
Continue, and conclude in *sin*.

23.

On the Sunne and starres.

OUr dying Saviour's like the setting *Sun*;
His Saints, on earth, are like the *starrs of night*:
Experience tells us, till the Sun be gon,
The starres appeare not, and retaine no *light*:
Till *Sun-set* we discerne no starres at all;
And Saints receive their Glory, in his *fall*.

24.

On Absolon *and* Sampson.

Sampsons defect, and thy excesse of *hayre*, (*ayre*;
Gave him his death, oth'ground; thee, thine ith'
His thoughts were too depreſt; thine ſot'd too high;
As mortals live, ſo oftentimes, they die.

25.

On Gods favour.

Gods favour's like the *Sun*, whoſe *beams* appeare
To all that dwell in the worlds *Hemiſpheare*,
Though not to all alike: To ſome they expreſſe
Themſelves more radiant, and to others, leſſe:
To ſome they riſe more early; and they fall
More late to others, giving *day* to all: (pure
Some ſoyle's more groſſe, and breathing more im-
And earthy *vapours* forth, whoſe foggs obſcure
The darkned *Medium* of the moiſter aire;
Whilſt other Soiles, more perfect, yeeld more rare
And purer *Fumes*; whereby thoſe *Beams appeare*,
To ſome, leſſe glorious; and to ſome, more cleare:
It would be ever *Day*; *Day*, alwaies bright,
Did not our interpoſed *Earth* make night:
The *Sun* ſhines alwaies ſtrenuous and faire,
But ah! our ſins, our *Clouds* benight the aire:
Lord, draine the *Fens* of this my Boggy ſoule,
Whoſe groſſer *vapours* make my day ſo foule;
Thy SON hath ſtrength enough to chaſe away
Theſe riſing *Fogs*, and make a glorious *Day*:

Riſe

Riſe, and ſhine alwaies cleare; but moſt of all,
Let me behold thy glory, in thy *Fall*;
That being ſet, poore I (my fleſh being hurld
From this) may meet thee, in another *World*.

29.

On a ſpirituall Fever.

MY ſoule hath had a *Fever*, a long while;
O! I can neither reliſh, nor digeſt;
My nimble *Pulſes* beat; my *veines* doe boile:
I cannot cloſe mine eyes, I cannot reſt:
O, for a *Surgeon*, now, to ſtrike a Vaine!
That, that would lay my *Heate*, and eaſe my *Paine*:
No, no, It is thy *Blood*, and not mine owne;
Thy *Blood* muſt cure me, *Ieſus*, or elſe none.

27.

On Davids *choiſe*.

FAmine? *the ſword?* the *Peſtilence?* which is leaſt,
When all are great? which worſt, when bad's the beſt?
It is a point of *Mercy*, yet, to give
A choiſe of death to ſuch, as muſt not live:
But was the choiſe ſo hard? It ſeemes to me,
There was a worſe, and better of the three,
Though all extreame: Me thinkes, the help of hands
Might ſwage the firſt; The *bread* of forraine lands
Might patch their lives, and make ſome ſlender ſhift
To ſave a while, with neceſſary thrift:
Me thinks, the ſecond ſhould be leſſe extream
Then that; Alas! poore *Iſrael* could not dream

Of

Of too much *peace*, that had ſo oft diviſion
Among themſelves and forrain oppoſition:
Beſides, their King was *martiall*; his acts *glorious*;
His heart was *valiant*, and his hand *victorious*;
Me thinks a Conquerour, a *Manoth' ſword*
Should nere be puzzeld at ſo poore a *word*:
In both, how ever, *David* at the worſt,
Might well preſume he ſhould not die the firſt.
But oh! the *Plague's* impartiall, it reſpects
No quality of *Perſon*, *age*, nor *ſex*:
The Royall *breaſt's* as open to her hand
As is the loweſt *Peſant* in the Land:
Famin? the *ſword?* the *Peſtilence?* *David* free,
To take his choice? and pick the worſt of three?
He that gave *David* power to refuſe,
Inſtructed *David* in the Art to chuſe;
He knew no forrain Kingdome could afford (*ſword*
Supply, where God makes *Dearth*: He knew the
Would want an arm; the arm would want her skill;
And skill, *ſucceſſe*, where heav'n prepares to kill:
He knew, there was no truſt, no ſafe recourſe
To *Martiall* man, or to his warlike *horſe*;
But it is thou, *Great God*, the only cloſe
Of his beſt thoughts, and the ſecure repoſe
Of all his *truſt*; He yeelds to kiſſe thy *Rod*:
Iſrael was thine, and thou art *Iſraels* God:
He knew thy gracious *wont*, thy wonted *grace*;
He knew, thy *Mercy* tooke the upper place
Of all thy *Attributes*; 'Twas no adventure
To caſt himſelfe on *Thee*, the only Center
Of all his hopes; Thy *David knew* the danger
To fall to th'hands of man; or *friend*, or *ſtranger*:

Thus

Thus *Davids* filiall hopes, being anchor'd faſt
On Gods known *Mercy*, wiſely choſe the laſt:
If thou wilt give me *Davids* heart; Ile voyce,
Great God, with *David*; and make *Davids* choyce:
But ſtay; *deare Lord*, my tongue's too bold, too free
To ſpeake of choyce, that merits all the *Three*.

28.

On Mans unequall diviſion.

LOrd, 'tis a common courſe; w'are apt and free
To take the Beſt, and ſhare the worſt to thee:
Wee Fleet the *Mornings* for our owne Deſigne;
Perchance, the Flotten *Afternoones* are thine:
Thou giv'ſt us *ſilke*, we offer *Cammels haire*;
Thy *Bleſſings* march ith' *Front*; our *thanks* ith' *Reare*.

29.

On Beggers.

NO wonder that ſuch ſwarmes of *Beggers* lurke
In every ſtreet: 'Tis a worſe trade to worke
Then begge: Yet ſome, if they can make but ſhift
To live, will thinke it ſcorne to thrive by gift:
'Tis a brave mind; but yet no wiſe forecaſt;
It is but pride, and Pride will ſtoope at laſt;
We all are *Beggers*; ſhould be ſo, at leaſt;
Alas! we cannot worke: The very beſt
Our hands can doe, will not maintain to live;
We can but hold them up, whilſt others give:
No ſhame for helpleſſe Man, to pray in aid;
Great *Sol'mon* ſcorn'd not to be *free o'th' Trade*;

He begg'd an *Almes* and blusht not; For the *Boone*
He got, was treble fairer then his *Crowne*:
No wonder that he thriv'd by begging, so;
He was both *Begger* and a *Chuser* too.
O who would trust to *Worke*, that may obtaine
The Suit he begs, without or *sweat*, or *paine*!
O what a Priviledge, great God, have we,
That have the Honour, but to beg on Thee!
Thou dost not fright ur with the tort'ring *Whips*
Of *Bedels*; nor dost answer our faint lips
With churlish language; Lord, thou dost not praise
The stricter *Statute* of last *Henries* dayes:
Thou dost not dampe us with the empty voyce
Of *Nothing for yee*: If our clam'rous noyse
Should chance t'importune, turn'st thy gracious eye
Upon our wants, and mak'st a quick supply:
Thou dost not brand us with th'opprobrious name
Of idle *vagabonds*: Thou know'st w'are *lame*,
And cannot worke; Thou dost not *Pharoh* like,
Deny us *straw*, and yet require *Brick*:
Thou canst not heare us grone beneath our *Taske*,
But freely giv'st, what we have *Faith* to aske:
The most for which my large desire shall plead,
To serve the present's but a *loafe of Bread*,
Or but a *Token* (ev'n as Beggers use;
That, of thy love, will fill my slender *Cruse*:
Lord, during life, Ile beg no greater *Boone*,
If at my Death, thou'lt give me but a *Crowne*.

30.

On the two Children.

MY *flesh* and *spirit*, Lord, are like those paire
Of *Infants*, whose sad Mothers did repaire
To *Iustice*: T'one is *quick*; the other *dead*:
The two promiscuous Parents that do plead
For the live Childe, is *Thee* and *Satan*, Lord:
Both claime alike; Justice cals forth the *sword*,
And seeing both, with equall teares, complaine,
Proffers to cleave the *Children* both in twaine;
And make them equall sharers in the same
That both doe challenge, and what both disclaime.
Satan applauds the motion, and replide;
Nor *thine*, nor *mine*, but let them both divide;
And give alike to both: But thou, deare Lord,
Dislik'st the justice of th'unequall *sword*:
Rather then share it *dead*, thou leav'st to strive,
And wilt not own't at all, if not *alive*:
The *sword's* put up, & straight condemnes the other
To be the false; cals Thee, the *naturall Mother*.
Lord of my Soule: It is but Satans wile,
To cheate thy bosome of thy *living Child*;
Hee'd have the Question by the *sword* decided,
Knowing the Soule's but dead, if once *divided*:
My better part is thine, and thine alone;
Take thou the *Flesh*, and let him gnaw the *Bone*.

31.
On two Mysteries.

A Perfect *Virgin*, to bring forth a *Son*!
One, three entire; and *Three* entirely One!
Wonder of Wonders! How might all this come?
We must be deafe, when th' holy Spirit's dumb;
Spare to enquire it: Thou shalt never know,
Till *Heav'n* dissolve, and the last *Trump* shall blow.

32.
A forme of Prayer.

IF thou wouldst learn, not knowing how, to pray,
Adde but a *Faith*, and say as *Beggers* say;
Master, I'm poore, and blind, in great distresse;
Hungry and lame, and cold, and comfortlesse:
O, succour him, that's graveld on the Shelf
Of pain and want, and cannot help himself;
Cast down thine eye upon a wretch, and take
Some pity on me, for sweet Iesus sake:
But hold! Take heed this Clause be not put in,
I never begg'd before, nor will agin:
Note this withall, That Beggers move their plaints
At all times *Ore tenus*, not by *Saints*.

33.
On Solomon and the Queene of Sheba.

IT spreds: The sweet *perfume* of *Solomons* Fame
Affects the *Coasts*; And his illustrious name

Can

Cannot be hid: The unbeliev'd report
Muſt flie with Eagles wings, to th'honoured *Court*
Of princely *Saeba*: *Sheba* muſt not reſt,
Untill her eye become th'invited Gueſt
Of *Fames* loud Trumpet; her impatience ſtrives
With light-foot *Time*, while her Ambition drives
Her *Chariot* wheeles, and gives an ayrie paſſage
To th'quick deliv'ry of her hearts *Embaſſage*:
True Wiſdome planted in the hearts of Kings,
Needs no more glory then the glory'it brings;
And like the Sun, is view'd by her own light,
B'ing, by her owne reflection, made more bright:
The emulous *Queen's* arriv'd; *ſhee's* gon to th'*Court*;
No eye-delighting *Maſque?* no Princely *ſport*,
To entertain her? No, her eye, her eare
Is taken up, and ſcornes to ſee, to heare
Inferiour things: Sh'allowes her eare, her ey
No leſſe then *Oracles*, and *Majeſty*:
How empty paſtimes doe reſolve and fly
To their true nothing, when true wiſdome's by!
Th'arriv'd *Queen* has *Audience*; moves; diſputes;
Wiſe *Solomon*, attends; replies; confutes:
*Sh'*objects; *he* anſwers: *ſhe* afreſh propounds;
She proves; maintains it: *he* decides; confounds;
She ſmiles; *ſhe* wonders, being overdaz'd
With his bright beams, ſtands *ſilent*; ſtands amaz'd:
How Scripture-like Apocrypha's *appear*
To common Books! how poore, when Scripture's *neer!*
The Queen is pleas'd, who never yet did know
The blaſt of *Fame* leſſe prodigall, then now;
For now, the greateſt part of what ſhe knew
By fame, is found the leaſt of what is true;

We often finde that Fame, in prime of youth,
Does adde to Falshood, and substract from Truth:
The thankfull Queen do's with a lib'rall hand,
Present him with the *Riches* of her Land:
Where Wisdome goes before, we often find
That temp'rall Blessings seldom stay behinde:
Lord, grant me *Wisdome*; and I shall possesse
Enough; have *more*, or have content with *lesse*..

33.
On Rehoboam.

COuld dying Parents, at their peacefull death,
Make but a firme *Assurance*, or bequeath
Their living Vertues; Could they recommend
Their *wisdome* to their heyres; Could *hearts* descend
Upon the bosome of succeeding Sons,
As well as *scepters* doe; as well as *Thrones*;
Sure *Rehoboams* Reigne had found increase
Of *Love*, and *Honour*, and had died in *peace*:
Kingdomes are transitory: *Scepters* goe
From hand, to hand; & *Crowns*, from brow, to brow;
But *Wisdome* marches on another guize:
They'r two things, to be *Worldly great*, and *wise*;
It was the selfe same *Scepter* that came down
From *Solomon* to thee: The selfe same *Crown*,
That did inclose his Princely browes and thine;
The selfe same *flesh and blood*, the next o'th'Line;
The selfe-same *people* were alive, to blesse
The prosp'rous dayes; But not the same *successe*:
Where rests the fault? what secret mischiefe can
Vn-same thy peace? 'Twas not the selfe same *Man*.

'Twas

34.

On the Prophet ſlaine by a Lyon.

TWas not for malice, not for want of *Food*,
The obvious *Lyon* ſhed this *Prophets* blood:
Where faithleſſe man neglects the ſacred *Law*
Of God, there, beaſts abate their ſervile *awe*
To Man: When Man dares take a diſpenſation,
By ſin, to fruſtrate th'end of Mans *Creation*,
The beaſts, oft-times, by mans Example, doe
Renounce the end of their *Creation* too:
The *Prophet* muſt abſtain: He was forbid;
He muſt not eat: and yet the *Prophet* did;
Th'obedient *Lyon* had command to ſhed
That *Prophets* blood: and ſee, the *Prophet's* dead:
O, how corrupt's the nature of Mans *Will*,
That breaks thoſe Lawes which very *Beaſts* fulfill!

35.

On Ahab.

HOw *Ahab* longs! *Ahab* muſt be poſſeſt
Of *Naboths Vineyard*, or can find no reſt:
His tongue muſt ſecond his unlawfull eye:
Ahab muſt ſue; and *Naboth* muſt denye:
Ahab growes ſullen; he can eat no Bread;
His Body proſtrates on his reſtleſſe Bed:
Vnlawfull luſt immoderate often brings
A loathing in the uſe of lawfull things:
Ahabs deſier muſt not be with-ſtood,
It muſt be purchas'd, though with *Naboths* Blood;

Witneſſe muſt be ſuborn'd: *Naboth* muſt lie
Open to *Law*; muſt be condemn'd; and die:
His goods muſt be confiſcate to the *Crowne*;
Now *Ahab's* pleas'd; The *Vineyard's* now his own:
Vnlawfull Pleaſures, when they joſtle further
Then ordinary bounds, oft end in murther.
Me thinks, the Grapes that cluſter from that *Vine,*
Should (being preſt) afford more *blood* then *Wine.*

36.
On Rehoboam.

PEople have *Balances*; wherein to weigh (wray
Their new-crown'd *Princes*; which can ſoone be-
Their native worth: Some counterpoyſe th'allow:
Unhappy *Iſr'el* had not weights enow,
To weigh thy *Fingers*: *Heads* can never reſt
In peace, when their poore members are oppreſt:
Had thy unlucky *Fingers* weigh'd no more
Then thy light *Iudgement*; had thy judgement bore
But halfe the burthen of thy *Fingers* weight,
Thou had'ſt bin proſp'rous, both in *Crown* and *State:*
The Lyon's known by's Paw; The people ſpends
Their Judgement of a Prince by's *Fingers ends.*

37.
On Leprous Naaman.

THe *Leper*, prompted with his loathſome grief,
Seekes to the King of *Iſrael* for relief:
But *Naamans* vaine deſiers could not thrive;
Iſrael's no God; to *kill*, or *make alive.*

The

The Morall Man is of too mean a Stature,
To reach his hand above the head of Nature:
The willing Prophet undertakes the *Cure*;
The *Leper* muſt goe *waſh*, and be ſecure
From his *Diſeaſe*: He muſt goe paddle ſtraight
In *Iordan's water*: 'Tis a faire *Receipt*:
And why in *Iordan?* Have our *Syrian ſtreames*
Leſſe pow'r then *Iſr'els?* ſure the Prophet dreames:
How hard it is for Mortals to rely
On Faith! How apt is ſenſe, to queſtion, why?
The *Cure* perplexes more then the *Diſeaſe*:
Prophets preſcribe no better *meanes* then theſe:
I look'd his Ceremonious hand ſhould ſtroke
The *Place*; I look'd the Prophet ſhould invoke:
Some men would fain be clean, if God would ſtay
Their times, or would but cure them their own way:
The techy *Leper* is diſpleas'd; hee'll hence:
The *Iordan Prophet* dallies againſt ſenſe:
His wiſer ſervants urge their haſty Lord
To *Iordans ſtreames*: He waſhes; is reſtor'd:
How good a God have we, whoſe grace fulfills
Our choyce deſires oft-times againſt our wills!
The *Leper's* clens'd; And now he do's applaud
Not *Iſr'els ſtreames* alone, but *Iſr'els God*:
The Prophet muſt have thanks, and Gold beſide;
The *thanks* are taken, but the *Gold's* deni'd:
Who would not deal with Thee, that art not nice,
To ſell ſuch pen'worths at ſo ſmall a price!
Naaman, in lieu of his refus'd reward,
Vowes the true God; provided, when his Lord
Shall ſerve i'th houſe of *Rimmon*, if he bow
For faſhion ſake, he may ſecure his *Vow*:

Some will not ſtick to lend their God a houſe,
Might they reſerve one roome for their own uſe:
Gehazi thinks the Cure too cheape; He ſoon
Ore-takes the *Lepers Chariot*, askes a *Boone*
I'th' *Prophets* name: But mark what did befall;
He got his *Boon*, but got his plague withall:
Vnlawfull gaines are leaſt what they appeare,
And ill got Gold is alwaies bought too deare:
Lord, I did waſh in *Iordan*, and was cur'd;
My *Fleſh*, that falſe *Gehazi*, hath procur'd
A ſinfull *purchaſe*, having over-runne
The clenſed *Naaman* of my Soule: What's done
By falſe *Gehazi*, let *Gehazi* beare;
Let *Naamans Leproſie* alone ſtick there:
O, clenſe them both, or if that may not be,
Lord, ſtrike *Gehazi*; and keep *Naaman* free.

38.
On Chamber-Chriſtians.

NO matter whether (ſome there be that ſay)
Or goe to *Church*, or ſtay at *home*, if pray:
Smiths dainty *Sermons* have in plenty ſtor'd me,
With better ſtuffe, then *Pulpits* can afford me:
Tell me, why pray'ſt thou? Heav'n commanded ſo:
Art not commanded to his *Temples* too?
Small ſtore of manners! when thy Prince bids *Come*,
And feaſt at *Court*; to ſay, *I've meat at home.*

Lord,

39.
On the Widowes Cruſe.

LOrd, I'm in *debt*, and have not wherewithall
To pay: My *ſcore* is great; my *wealth* but ſmall;
My *houſe* is poorely furniſht, and my *Food*
Is ſlender; I have nothing that is good:
Lord, if my waſted *Fortunes* prove no better,
My *Debt* is ev'n as deſp'rate as the *Debter*:
All the reliefe thy ſervant this long while,
Hath had, is but a little *Cruſe of Oyle*;
There's none will give of *Almes*: I neither get
Enough to ſatisfie my *wants*, nor *debt*:
Lord, if thee pleaſe to ſhow the ſelfe ſame Art
Upon the ſlender *veſſell* of my Heart,
The *Prophet* did, upon the *Widowes Cruſe*,
I ſhall have Oyle to ſell, have Oyle to *uſe*;
So ſhall my *Debt* be paid, and I goe free;
No debt is deſp'rate, in reſpect of Thee.

40.
On the ſwimming Axe.

THe borrow'd *Axe* fell in: 'Twas loſt; lamented;
The *Prophet* mov'd; the *Workman* diſcontented;
A *Stick* hewen downe and by the *Prophets* hand
Throwne in, the *Axe* did float, and came aland:
And why a *ſtick*? Had that the pow'r to call
The *maſſy Iron* up? Sure, none at all:
Moſes muſt uſe his *Rod*; *Moſes*, I doubt it,
Had been but lame, but impotent without it;

Nor

Nor could that *Rod* have ſcourged *Pharoes* Land,
Had it beene waved by an *other* hand:
God often works by *meanes*, and yet not ſo,
But that he can, as well without them, too.
God can ſave Man without the help of Man,
But will not; Wils not alwaies that he can:
Something is left for us: we muſt not lie
Ith'ditch, and cry, *And if we die we die:*
We muſt not lie like *Blocks*, relying on (done;
The workmans *Axe*; There's ſomething muſt be
The workmans *Axe* perchance had never bin
Recald again, if not the *ſtick* thrown in:
We muſt be doing, yet thoſe deeds, as our,
Have no more native vertue, nay, leſſe power
To ſave us, then that *ſtick* had, to recall
The *Axe* from the deep bottome of his Fall:
I will be doing; but repoſe in *Him*;
Throw I in *ſticks*; hee'l make my *Iron* ſwim.

41.

On Baals *Prieſts.*

Iehu's crown'd King; *Iehu* the King muſt fall
To *Ahabs* gods: *Iehu* muſt worſhip *Baal*:
The gods-divided people muſt goe call
Baals ſacred *Prieſts*: *Iehu* muſt worſhip *Baal*:
None muſt be left behinde; They muſt come all;
Iehu muſt burn a Sacrifice to *Baal*:
The *Prieſts* come puffing in; both great and ſmall
Muſt wait on *Iehu* that muſt worſhip *Baal*:
Baals houſe is fill'd and crowded to the wall
With people, that are come to worſhip *Baal*.

What

What must there now be done? what Offring shall
Perfume *Baals nostrils*? ev'n the Priests of *Baal*:
Baals holy *Templ's* now become a *Stall*
Of Priestly flesh; of fleshly Priests for *Baal*;
How would our Gospell flourish, if that all
Princes, like *Iehu*, would but worship *Baal*!

42.
On the Tempter.

HOw dares thy *Bandog*, Lord, presume t'approch
Into thy sacred presence? or incroach
Upon thy choice *possessions*, to devoure
Thy sporting *Lambs*? To counterfeit thy pow'r,
And to usurp thy *Kingdome*, ev'n as He
Were Lord; at least, a *Substitute* to Thee?
Why dost not rate him? why does he obtaine
Such favour to have liberty of his *Chain*?
Have we not *Enemies* to counterbuffe,
Enow? Is not the *Flesh*, the *World* enough
To foile us? this *abroad*, and that at *home*;
But must that *Satan*, must that *Bandog* come
T'afflict the *weake*, and take the *stronger*, side?
O, are there not enow, enow beside?
Is there not odds enough, when we have none
But mighty *Foes*, nay, *Rebels* of our own,
Beneath a false disguise of love and peace,
That still betray us? Are not these, all these
Sufficient, to encounter and o'rthrow
Poore sinfull Man; but must that *Bandog* too,
Assault us, Lord? We dare not cast our eyes
Our timorous eyes to heav'n, we dare not rise

From off our aking knees, to plead our case,
When he can commune with thee *face to face*;
Nay more, were it but possible to doe,
Would draw thee, Lord, to his bold *Faction* too.
Lord, lend me but thy power to resist
What *Foes* thou send'st, & send what *Foes* thou list:
It is thy *Battaile*: If thou please to warme
My Blood, and find the strength, Ile find the *Arm*;
March thou i'th' *Front*, Ile follow in the *Reare*;
Come then ten thousand *Bandogs*, Ile not feare.

43.
On a Cypher.

Cyphers to *Cyphers* added, seem to come
(With those that know not *Art*) to a great *sum*:
But such as skill in *Numeration*, know,
That worlds of *Cyphers* are but worlds of *show*:
We stand those *Cyphers*, ere since *Adams* fall;
We are but *show*: we are no *sum* at all:
Our bosome-pleasures, and delights, that doe
Appeare so glorious, are but *Cyphers* too:
High-prized *honour*, *friends*, This *house*; The *father*,
Are but one *Cypher* added to another:
Reckon by rules of *Art*, and tell me, than,
How great is thy estate, Ingenious Man?
Lord, be my *Figure*, Then it shall be known
That I am *Something*: *Nothing*, if alone:
I care not in what *place*, in what *degree*;
I doe not weigh how small my *Figure* be:
But as I am, I have nor worth, nor *vigure*:
I am thy *Cypher*; O, be thou my *Figure*.

The

44.
On Haman *and* Mordecay.

THe *King* would fain take reſt; But thought denies
To pay her nightly *Tribute* to his eyes:
The Perſian *Chronicle* muſt be brought, to ſet
His eyes in quiet, till they'r pay'd the *debt*:
He turnes the leaves; The firſt he lights upon,
Is the *true ſervice Mordecay* had done:
Heav'n often works his ends, at ſuch a ſeaſon,
When Man has will to baniſh ſenſe and Reaſon:
His loyall ſervice muſt be now recall'd
To bleſt remembrance: *Haman* muſt be call'd
To Councell; queſtion'd but not know the thing
The King intends: He muſt adviſe the *King*,
What *Ceremony* muſt be us'd, what *Coſt*,
What *honor*, where the King ſhall honor moſt;
Obſerve but in the Progreſſe of this Story,
How God turns Factor for his Servants glory:
Haman perſwaded that ſuch *honour* can
Fit none but him, ne'r queſtions, *Who's the Man*;
His more ambitious thoughts are now providing
A *horſe of State*, for his own Princely riding;
In brief; his Judgement is, That ſuch a *One*,
Muſt lack no Honor, *but the Royall Throne*:
How apt is Man to flatter his own heart!
How faire a Debter to his falſe deſert!
The *Royall horſe* is ready, all things fit,
That could be broach'd by a vain-glorious wit:
Haman expects his anſwer; His Ambition
Spurs on, wants nothing but his *large Commiſſion*:

Haman must haſt with all the ſpeed he can,
And ſee it done: But *Mordecay's the man:*
God often crowns his Servants, at their Coſt,
That hate their perſons, and diſdain them moſt:
Lord, if thou pleaſe to make me but thine own,
I ſhall have *honour*, ſpight of *honours frown.*

45.

On Jobs *Temptations.*

GOD queſtions *Satan*: Boaſts his *Iobs* deſert,
In the perfection of a *ſimple heart:*
Iobs Faith was fervent; Satan was as chill
To yeeld it; but muſt yeeld againſt his will;
Condemnes it to be *ſervile*, to be bought
With *Gods* own coyn: *Does Iob ſerve God for nought?*
It is a common trick, the Tempter uſes,
The Faith he cannot conquer, he abuſes.
Alas, that *Faith* requires not ſo much praiſe,
'Tis a good *Faith*, as *Faiths* goe now adayes:
Is it not ſtrengthen'd by thy indulgent hand,
That bleſt his *Labours*, and inricht his *Land?*
Puffe out the *Fier*; his Faith will quickly chill:
Satan puffe thou; nay Satan puffe thy will:
Nor Ebbe nor Flood, of ſmall, or great eſtate,
Are certain badges of Gods love or hate.
What's now to doe? Poore *Iob* muſt be bereav'n
Of all his ſtronger *Herds*; *Fire*, ſent from Heav'n,
Muſt burn his fruitfull *flocks*, that none remain;
His *houſes* fall; and all his *Children* ſlain;
And yet not curſe? Alas, poore *Iob* addreſſes
His thoughts to heav'n; he worſhips God & *bleſſes:*

The

The lively Faith that can retain her God,
May groan; but ſeldome rave beneath the Rod.
But what ſayes *Satan* now? The *hedge* is broke,
That fenc'd my Servant *Iob*: What further *Cloke*
For his uprightneſſe hath he? what *pretence*
For his continued Love and Innocence?
Has not thy malice had her own deſire?
'Twas ſoundly puff'd; thy *Puffs* have blown the *fire*:
Gods trials are like Bellowes: Satan's Blower,
Blowes out falſe Faiths, makes true ones blaze the more.
True Lord; His *faith* is tough: But *Snailes* as well
Can thrive without, as live within their *ſhell*:
To ſave a *life* who would not looſe ſome *skin*?
Touch but his *Hornes*, O how hee'l draw them in!
Satan I give thy malice leave, be free
To peele the *bark*, but ſpare to touch the *Tree*.
Feare not ye little flock: The greateſt ill
Your Foes can doe's to ſcratch; They cannot kill.
What now's th'exploit? Afflicted *Iob* does lie,
A very *Hoſpitall* of miſery:
I think, that all the *Vlcers* that have bin
In *Egypt* cur'd, are broken out agin
In his diſtempered fleſh; yet *Iob* is ſtill
The very ſame, nor charg'd his God with ill:
A Faith that lodges in a double Breſt,
May ſtand the touch; none but true faiths, the Teſt:
If theſe be *flames* poore man muſt fwelter in,
He needs a *World* a patience, not to ſin.

46.

On bauling Curres.

I Fear'd the world and I were too acquainted;
I hope my feares are, like her Joyes, but painted:
Had I not been a *Stranger*, as I paſt,
Her bauling *Curres* had never bark'd ſo faſt,

47.

On David.

STands it with State, that Princely David, who
Did *weare* the *Crown*, ſhould *play* the *Harper* too?
He playes and ſings; His glory ne'r diſdaines
To dance, and to receive a *Crown* for's paines:
Tis no diſparagement, 'tis no miſpriſion
Of State, to play before the *Great Muſitian*.

48.

On Abraham.

THe word is out: Poore *Abr'am* muſt be gon;
Muſt take his *Iſaac*; take his only Son;
The Son of his *Affection*; him, from whom,
From whoſe bleſt *loynes* ſo many *Kings* muſt come,
Ev'n him muſt *Abr'am* ſlay, *Abr'am* muſt riſe,
And offer *Iſaac* a *burnt Sacrifice*.
God ſcornes the Offals of our faint deſires;
He gives the beſt, and he the beſt requires.
Abr'am forbears to queſtion; thinks not good
To reaſon, to adviſe with *Fleſh* and *Blood*;

Begs

Begs not young *Isaacks* life, nor goes about
T'object the *Law of Murther*; makes no doubt:
He riſes, riſes early; leads his Son:
Haſts where this holy *Slaughter* muſt be done:
Where God bids Goe, *that very Breath's a warrant:*
We muſt not linger there; Haſte crowns the arrant.
His Servants muſt no further: They muſt ſtay:
Private Devotion claimes a private Way:
They muſt abide with th' *Aſſe*, whilſt th'aged Sire
In t'one hand takes the *Knife*; in t'other, *Fire:*
The ſacred *Wood* of *Offring* muſt be pil'd
On the young ſhoulders of th'obedient *Child:*
O here mine eye muſt ſpend a teare to ſee
Thee beare that Wood, great God, that, ſince, bore Thee:
Miſtruſtleſſe *Iſaak* ſeeing the *wood*, the *fire*,
The *ſacrificing Knife*, begins t'enquire,
But wher's the Sacred Lamb that muſt be ſlain?
Reſolved *Abr'am* (leſt the *fleſh* ſhould gain
Too much of *Nature*) ſayes not, *Thou my Son*
Art he, but, *The Almighty will provide us one:*
Where God commands, 'tis not enough t'effect,
But we muſt baulk th'occaſion of neglect.
The faithfull *Abr'am* now erects an *Altar:*
Orders the *wood:* what tongue can chuſe but falter,
To tell the reſt? He layes his hands upon
His wondring *Iſaac*, bindes his onely *Son:*
He layes him down, unſheath's his Prieſtly *knife:*
Up heaves his arm, to take his *Iſaacks* life:
True faith is active; Covets to proceed
From thought to action; and from will to deed:
Before the ſtrengthned ſtroke had time to fall,
A Sudden voice from heav'n cries *hold: Recall*

Thy

Thy threatning Arme, and ſheath thy holy Knife,
Thy Faith has anſwer'd for thy Iſaac's *life;*
Touch not the Child; thy Faith is throughly ſhown,
That has not ſpar'd thine own, thine only Son:
How eaſie is our God, and liberall, who
Counts it as done, what we have will to doe!

49.
On Cenſorio.

Cenſorio takes in hand, by ſharp reproofe,
To mend his Brothers error, and to ſnuffe
His darkned Flame; and yet *Cenſorio's* crimes
Are rankt among the fouleſt of the Times:
Let none preſume, *Cenſorio*, to controule
Or top the dim *light* of anothers Soule,
If not more pure then him, that is controll'd:
The Temple-Snuffers muſt be perfect gold.

50.
On Mordecay *and* Haman.

TWo *Steeds* appointed were by *Hamans* hand;
The one at *Graſſe*; the other Steed did ſtand
In *Perſia's Mues:* The *former* was providing
For *Mordecay*; the laſt for *Hamans* riding:
But ſince, in order, laſt things prove the worſt,
Hamans ambition drove him to the Firſt,
But ſee, proud *Hamans* prouder *Steed* did caſt
His glorious rider, whilſt the *Iew* ſits faſt.
What matter *Haman? Fortune*, though no Friend
Of thine, firſt brought thee to thy *Iourneys end.*

The

51.

On three Fooles.

THe Wiſe man ſayes, *It is a wiſe mans part,*
To keep his tongue cloſe priſ'ner in his heart;
If he be then a Foole, whoſe thought denies,
There is a God, how deſp'rately unwiſe,
How more then Foole is he, whoſe language ſhall
Proclaime in publike, *There's no God at all!*
What then are they, nay Fooles, in what degree,
Whoſe actions ſhall maintain't? *Such Fooles are we.*

52.

On miſerable Man.

ADam, the higheſt pitch of perfect Nature,
And lively image of his great *Creator*,
Declin'd his God, and by one ſinfull *Deed*,
Deſtroy'd himſelf, and ruin'd all his *ſeed:*
How wretched, thē, how deſp'rate's our Condition,
Whoſe ev'ry minute makes a repetition
Of greater ſins, againſt both light of *Nature*,
And *Grace*, againſt *Creation* and *Creator*!
Alas! we claime not by *deſcent*, alone,
But adde by hourely purchaſe of our own:
There is no *breach* of Loyalty, no *ſin*
We are imperfect, and unpractis'd in;
Shall not a world of *ſins* bring ruine, then,
To *One*; when one *ſin* ſlew a world of men?

53.

On Mans two Enemies.

TWo potent Enemies attend on Man;
T'one's fat and plump; The *other* lean and wan;
T'one faunes and ſmiles; The other weeps as faſt;
The firſt *Preſumption* is; *Deſpaire* the laſt:
That feeds upon the *bounty* of full treaſure;
Brings jolly newes of *Peace*, and laſting *pleaſure*;
This feeds on *want*, unapt to entertain
Gods *Bleſſings*; Finds them ever in the *main*:
Their *Maxims* diſagree; but their *Concluſion*
Is the ſelf ſame: Both jump in Mans *Confuſion*:
Lord, keep me from the *firſt*, or elſe I ſhall
Soare up and melt my waxen wings and fall:
Lord, keep the *ſecond* from me; leſt I, then,
Sink down ſo low, I never riſe agen:
Teach me to know my ſelf, and what I am,
And my *Preſumption* will be turnd to *ſhame*:
Give me true *Faith*, to know thy dying Son,
What Ground has then *Deſpaire* to work upon?
T'avoid my ſhipwrack upon either *Shelf*,
O, teach me, Lord, to know *my God*; my *ſelf*.

54.

On Queene Eſter.

ILluſtrious *Princeſſe*, had thy chance not been
To be a *Captive*, thou hadſt bin no *Queen*:
Such is the *Fortune*, our *Miſfortune* brings;
Had we not firſt bin *ſlaves*, w'ad ne'r been *Kings*.

Have

55.
On Slanders.

HAve ſland'rous tongues bin buſie to defame'
The pretious *Oyntment* of my better name?
Or hath cenſorious baſeneſſe gone about
With her rude blaſt to puffe my *Taper* out?
They have: And let their full mouth'd *bellowes* puffe:
It is their *Breath* that ſtinks, and not my *Snuffe*:
I, let them ſnarle and burſt, that I may ſmile;
Doe, let them jerk, and I will laugh the while:
They cannot ſtrike beyond my patience; No,
Ile beare, and take it for an *Honour* too;
The height that my *Ambition* ſhall fly,
Is only to deſerve their *Calumny*:
O, what a Judgement 'twere, if ſuch as they
Should but allow my *Actions*, and betray
My endangered *name*, by their maligne applauſe,
To good *Opinion*; That were a juſt Cauſe
Of *Grief* indeed! but to be made the Story
Of ſuch baſe tongues, it is my *Crown*, my *Glory*:
I, let them ſpend their *Duſt* againſt the wind,
And bark againſt the *Moon*, till they be blind,
And weary; Let their malice not forbeare
To baule at *Innocence*, to wound and teare
An abſent name, whilſt their unhallowed tongues
Make me a glorious *Martyr* in their wrongs:
I beg no Favour: Nay, my hearts deſire
Is ſtill to be *calcin'd* by ſuch a Fire:
That, in concluſion, all men may behold
A faire gilt *Counter* from a *Crown of Gold*.

Great God, I care not this, how foule I ſeem
To *Man*; may I be faire in thy *eſteem*:
It matters not how *light* I ſeem to be
To the baſe world, ſo I be *weight* to Thee.

56.

On Nebuchadnezzar.

WHat luckleſſe Accident hath bred ſuch ods
Betwixt great *Babels Monarch*, and his *gods*,
That they ſo oft diſturb him, and affright
His broken ſlumbers with the *Dreames* of night!
Alas, what hath this Princely *Dreamer* done,
That he muſt quit the *Glory* of his Throne,
His Royall *Scepter*, his Imperiall *Crowne?*
Muſt be expeld his *Honour*, and come downe
Below the meaneſt *Slave*, and, for a ſeaſon,
Be baniſht from the uſe, the Act of *Reaſon?*
Muſt be exil'd from *humane ſhape*, and chew
The cudde, and muſt be moiſtned with the dew
Of heav'n; nay, differ in no other thing
From the brute beaſts, but that *he was a King?*
What ayle thy gods, that they are turn'd ſo rough,
So full of rage? what, had they meat enough
To fill their *golden* ſtomacks? Was thy knee
Bent oft enough? what might the reaſon be?
Alas, poore harmleſſe things! it was not they,
'Twas not their wills; I dare be bold to ſay,
They knew it not: It was not they that did it;
They had no pow'r to *act*, or to *forbid* it:
Deſerv'ſt thou not, Great King, the ſtile of *Beaſt*,
To ſerve ſuch Gods, whoſe Deities can digeſt

Their

Their ſervants open wrongs? that could diſpenſe
With what they 'ndure, without the leaſt offence?
Illuſtrious *Beaſt*, me thinks thy better'd ſtate
Has no great reaſon to complaine of *Fate*:
Thou art more neer to him thou didſt adore,
By one *degree*, then ere thou wert before:
'Tis ſome promotion; That there is leſſe ods
Betwixt thy *Nature*, and thy *ſenſleſſe gods*.

57.
On Partio.

HAſt thou forſaken all thy *Sins*, but One?
Beleeve it, *Partio*, Th'aſt forſaken *None*.

58.
On Ignorance.

THe greateſt *Friend* Religion hath t'advance
Her glory,'s unaffected *Ignorance*:
The burning *Taper* lends the faireſt light,
And ſhines moſt glorious, in the *ſhades of night*.

59.
On a great Battaile.

WHen my rebellious *Fleſh* doth diſagree
With my reſiſting *Spirit*; me thinks, I ſee
Two mighty Princes draw into the *Field*,
Where one muſt win the *Day*; the other, yeeld:
They both prepare; Both ſtrike up their *Alarmes*;
Both march; Both well appointed in their *Armes*;

They both advance their *Banners*: T'one displayes
A *bloody Crosse*: The other Colours blaze
A Globe terrestriall: *Nature* carries one,
And *Grace* the other: Each by's *Ensigne's* knowne:
They meet, encounter, *blowes* exchange for *blowes*:
Dart is return'd for Dart: They grapple, close:
Their Fortune's hurryed with unequall *Sailes*;
Sometimes the *Crosse*, sometimes the *Globe* prevailes.
We are that *Field*; And they that strive to win us,
Are *God* and *Satan*; Those, that warre within us,
The *Flesh*, the *Spirit*: No parting of the *Fray*,
Till one shall win; the other, lose the *Day*:
My God, O weaken this rebellious *Flesh*,
That dares oppose: O, quicken and refresh
My dull and coward *Spirit*, that would yeeld,
And make proud Satan *Master of the Field:* (good
Deare Lord, the *Field's* thy owne; thou thoughtst it
To purchace't with my dying Saviours *Blood*:
'Tis thine Great God, by *title*, and by *right*; (fight:
Why should thou question, what's thy owne by
Lord, keep possession thou, and let th'accurst
And base *Vsurper* doe his best, his worst.

60.

On the World.

THe World's an *Inne*; and I, her *Guest*,
I eate, I drink, I take my rest:
My *Hostesse* Nature, do's deny me
Nothing, wherewith she can supply me:
Where having stayd a while, I pay
Her *lavish Bills*, and goe my way.

Away

61.

On the Sabbath.

AWay my *thoughts*; Away my *words*, my *deeds*;
Away, what ever nourishes and feeds
My fraile *delights*: Presume not to approach
Into my presence; dare not once t'encroach
Upon the hallowed *Temple* of my Soule;
Ye are not for this *Day*, y'are all too foule:
Abide ye with the *Asse*, till I go yonder,
And cleave the *Isaac* of my heart in sunder:
I must goe sacrifice, I must goe pray,
I must performe my holy *vowes* to day:
Tempt not my tender *frailty*: I enjoine
Your needfull absence; y'are no longer mine:
But if it may not be, that we must sever
Our yoakt affections, and not part for ever;
Yet give me leave, without offence, to borrow,
At least, this day, although we meet to *morrow*.

62.

On Prayer.

IN all our Prayers, th'Almighty do's regard
The Judgement of the *Ballance*, not the *Yard*:
He loves not *Words*, but *Matter*; 'Tis his pleasure
To buy his Wares by *Weight*, and not by *Measure*.

Find'st

63.
On FIDO.

FIndst thou no comfort in this fickle *Earth*,
No Joy at all? No *Object* for thy Mirth?
Nothing but *Sorrow*? Nothing else, but *toyle*?
What, do thy dayes shew nothing, worth a *smile*?
Doe worldly pleasures no contentment give?
Content thee, *Fido*, Th'ast not long to live.

64.
On Chariſſa.

WOuldst thou, *Chariſſa*, wish thy *fortunes* better
Then, by thy *act*, to make thy *God* thy *debter*?
Ile teach thee how to doe't: *Relieve the poore*,
And thou maist safely set it on Gods *score*.

65.
On Raymond Sebund.

I Wonder, *Raymond*, thy illustrious *Wit*,
Strengthned with so much *learning*, could commit
So great a Folly, as to goe about,
By Natures feeble *light*, to blazen out
Such Heav'n bred *Myst'ries*, which the hearts of Men
Cannot conceive, much lesse the darkned *Pen*
Expresse; such secrets, at whose depth, the *Quire*
Of blessed Angels tremble, and admire:
Could thy vaine-glory lend no easier task
To thy sublime *Attempt*, then to unmask

The

The glorious *Trinity*, whose Tri-une *face*
Was ne'r discovered by the eye of *grace*,
Much lesse by th'eye of *Nature*, being a story
Objected only to the Eye of *Glory?*
Put out thy light, bold *Raymond*, and be wise;
Silence thy tongue, and close thy ambitious eyes:
Such *heights* as these, are Subjects far more fit
For holy *Admiration*, then for *Wit*.

66.

On Sinnes.

MY Sins are like the *hayres* upon my head,
And raise their *Audit* to as high a score;
In this they differ; *These* doe dayly shed,
But, ah! my *sins* grow dayly more and more:
If by my *hayres* thou number out my *sins*,
Heav'n make me *bald*, before that day begins.

67.

On the Gospell.

OUr *Gospell* thrives the more by forrain *Iarres*;
It overcomes in outward *opposition*:
But O, it suffers still in civill Warres,
And loses Honour by a *home-division*:
If thou assist, I care not, Lord, with whom
I warre *abroad*, so I have peace *at home*.

68.

On the dayes of Man.

LOrd, if our dayes be *few*, why doe we ſpend
And laviſh them unto ſo evill an end?
Lord, if our dayes be evill, why doe we wrong
Our ſelves, and Thee, to wiſh our *Day* ſo long?
Our *dayes* decreaſe; but, ſtill, our *evils* renew; (*few.*
Great God, we make them *evill*; Thou mak'ſt them

69.

On Sinnes.

MY Sins are like the *Sands* upon the ſhore;
Which every *Ebbe* layes open to the Eye:
In this they differ; *Theſe* are cover'd ore
With ev'ry *Flood*; My *ſins* ſhall open lie:
If thou wilt make mine Eyes a *Sea of teares*,
O, they will hide the ſins of all my *yeares*.

70.

On Kain *and* David.

THeir Sins were equall; Equall was their guilt:
They both committed *Homicide*; both ſpilt
Their brothers guiltleſſe blood: Nay, of the twain,
The firſt occaſion was leſſe foule, in *Kain*:
'Twas likely *Kains* Murther was in *heat*
Of blood; There was no former *grudge*, no *threat*:
But *Davids* was a *Plot*; He took the life
Of poore *Vriah*, to enjoy his *Wife*:

Was

Was *Iuſtice* equall? Was her *Ballance* ev'n?
Kain was puniſht; *David* was *forgiv'n*:
Both came to tryall: But good *David* did
Confeſſe that Sin, which curſed *Kain hid*:
Kain bewail'd the puniſhment; wherein
His Sin had plung'd him: *David* wayles his *Sin*:
If I lament my *ſins*, Thou wilt forbeare
To *puniſh*, Lord; or give me ſtrength, to beare.

71.
On Plauſus.

Plauſus of late hath rais'd an *Hoſpitall*;
Repair'd a *Church*; Founded a *Colledge-Hall*:
Plauſus hath built an holy *Temple*; vow'd it
To God: Erects a *Schoole*, and has endow'd it:
Plauſus hath given, through his abundant pity,
A *Spittle* to the blind, and lame o'th'City:
Plauſus allowes a *Table* for the poore
O'th' Pariſh; beſides thoſe, he feeds at doore:
Plauſus relieves the *Priſons*; Mends the *Wayes*;
Maintaines a *Lecture*, on the *Market dayes*:
Plauſus, in brief, for bounty beares the *Bell*;
Plauſus hath done much *Good*; but nothing, *Well*.

72.
On Sinnes.

MY Sins are like the *Starres*, within the skies;
In view, in number, ev'n as bright, as great;
In this they differ: *Theſe* doe ſet and riſe;
But ah! my Sins do *riſe*, but never *ſet*:

Shine *Sun of glory*, and my ſins are gone,
Like twinkling *Stars*, before the riſing *Sun*.

73.
On change of Weathers.

AND were it for thy profit, to obtain
All *Sunſhine*? No viciſſitude of *Rain*?
Thinkſt thou, that thy laborious *Plough* requires
Not Winter *froſts*, as well as Summer *fires*?
There muſt be both: Sometimes theſe hearts of ours
Muſt have the ſweet, the ſeaſonable ſhowres
Of *teares*; Sometimes the Froſt of chill *deſpaire*
Makes our deſired *Sunſhine* ſeem more *faire*:
Weathers that moſt oppoſe to Fleſh and Blood,
Are ſuch as help to make our *Harveſt* good:
We may not chooſe, great *God*; It is thy *Task*
We know not what to *have*; nor how to *aſk*.

74.
On PROSPER.

TAke heed, thou proſp'rous *ſinner*, how thou liv'ſt
In Sin, and thriv'ſt;
Thou, that do'ſt flouriſh in thy *heaps of gold*,
And ſums untold;
Thou, that hadſt never reaſon to complain
Of *Croſſe*, or *pain*;
Whoſe unafflicted *Conſcience* never found
Nor *Check*, nor *Wound*.
Beleeve it, *Proſper*, thy deceitfull Leaſe
Allowes thee neither *wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.

Thy

Thy golden *heaps* are nothing but the price
of *Paradise*;
Thy *Flattering* pleasures, and thy *ayrie Ioyes*,
But painted *Toyes*;
Thy peacefull Conscience is but like a *Dog*,
Tyed in a *Clog*.
Beleeve it, *Prosper*, thy deceitfull Lease
Allowes thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Ioy*, nor *Peace*.

Thy *heaps* of Gold will stand thee in no steed,
At greatest need;
Thy *Empty* Pleasures will convert thy laughter,
To *groanes*, hereafter;
Thy silent *Conscience*, when enlarg'd, will roare,
And rage the more.
Beleeve it, *Prosper*, thy deceitfull Lease
Affords thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Ioy*, nor *Peace*.

75.
On the sight of a Plague bill.

F*ive thousand in a week*, in one poore City!
Because it was thy *Pleasure*, 'twas no pity;
Why should thou pity us, just God, when we
Could never find a time to pity thee?
Thou never strik'st without a reason why,
Nor often, then: We easily cast our eye
Upon the *punishment*, but blind to th'*sin*,
That far transcends the *judgement* it calls in:
O, if the weekly *Bills* of our Transgression
Could but appeare, and make as deep impression
In our sad hearts, to make our hearts but know
As great a sorrow, as our *Plague bills* doe;

No doubt, no doubt but Heavens avenging hand
Would turn a Stranger to our prosp'rous Land:
O, if that weekly *Catalogue* of Sin
Could, with our City *Bills*, be brought but in,
And be compar'd, wee'd think our *Bills*, not high,
But rather wonder there are men, to *dye*.

76.

On Theaters.

SIx *dayes* were made for *work*, the seventh, for *rest*;
I read of none, that Heav'n ordain'd for *Play*;
How have our looser *Theaters* transgrest
The *Decalogue*, that make it ev'ry *Day*? (shame,
Me thinks that they should change their trade for
Or honour't with a more laborious name.

77.

On Players and Ballad-mungers.

OUr *merry* Ballads, and *lascivious* Playes
Are much alike: To common censure, both
Doe stand or fall: T'one *sings*; the other *sayes*;
And both are *Fripp'ries* of another Froth:
In short; They'r *Priest* and *Clark* of *Belials* Altar;
T'one makes the *Sermon*; t'other tunes the *Psalter*.

Our

78.

On God and the King.

OUr *God* and *Prince* (whom God for ever bleſſe)
Are both, in Mercy, of a *Conſtitution*:
Both ſlow, till meere neceſſity ſhall preſſe,
To put their *penall Lawes* in Execution:
And marke, How in a like ſucceſſe they joine;
At both we *grumble*; and at both, *repine*.

79.

On the life and death of Man.

THe life of Man is but th'imperfect Story
Of his *Adventure*, towards future Glory;
For *death* to finiſh: Who will ſtick to ſay,
A glorious *Ev'n* foretells a glorious *Day*.

80.

On Fox.

THere was a time, (wo-worth that heavy time)
When rav'nous *Foxes* did devoure the prime,
And choiſe of all our *Lambs*: But Heav'n did raiſe
A more ingenious Fox, in after dayes,
Whoſe high immortall *Pen* redeem'd their breath,
And made thoſe *Lambs* revive, in ſpight of death:
To ſee, how mutuall Saintly favours be!
Thou gav'ſt them life, that now give life to thee.

The

81.

On the Book of Common-Prayer.

THe Book of *Common-Pray'r* excels the reſt;
For *Pray'rs* that are moſt *Common*, are the beſt.

82.

To Mundano.

WOuldſt thou *Mundano*, prove *too great, too ſtrong*
For peeviſh *Fortunes* angry brow to wrong?
Renounce her power; Baniſh *Fortune* hence,
And truſt thee to the hands of *Providence*:
The pooreſt heart that ever did importune
Heav'ns aid, is far above the frownes of *Fortune*.

83.

On Romes *Sacrifices*.

IT cannot be excus'd: It is a wrong
Proceeding from a too-too partiall tongue,
To ſay, The profer'd ſervice of falſe *Rome*
Had no good ſavour, and did never come
To th' *gates* of Heaven; Fie! poore *Rome's* belyed;
For when our *Troopes* of glorious Martyrs dy'd,
In that warm *age*, who were their *Prieſts*? By whom
Was their blood ſhed? Was't not by holy *Rome*?
Such ſweet *Perfumes*, I dare be bold to ſay,
Rome never burnt before, nor ſince that *day*:
A ſweeter *Incenſe*, ſave his *dying Son*,
Heav'n ne'r accepted ſince this World begun.

It

84.

On a dead Man.

IT is a common uſe to entertain
The knowledge of a great man by his *Trayn:*
How great's the *dead-man* then? There's none that be
So backt with troopes of *Followers*, as He.

85.

On Corner ſinners.

SUch men are like to *Owles*; They take delight,
To make the night their day; their *day*, the night;
They hate the *Sun*, and love dark corners beſt;
But they ſhall howle, when *day-birds* are at reſt.

86.

On the Kite.

MArke but the ſoaring *Kite*; and ſhe will reade
Brave *rules* for Diet; teach thee how to feede;
She flies aloft; She ſpreads her ayrie plumes
Above the reach, above the nauſeous fumes
Of dang'rous *earth*; She makes her ſelfe a ſtranger
T'inferiour things, and checks at ev'ry *danger*;
At length, ſhe ſtoops; and with a brave diſdain
She ſtrikes her *Prey*, and mounts her up again;
By her example, learn to uſe the earth,
And thou ſhalt find leſſe *miſchief*, and more *mirth*.

87.
On Formio.

Formio bewailes his *ſins*, with the ſame heart,
As *Friends* do *Friends*, when they'r about to part:
Beleeve it, *Formio* will not entertain
A merry thought, untill they meet again.

88.
On boſome ſinnes.

How loath is *Fleſh* to yeeld! the *Spirit* to win
The glorious Conqueſt of a *Boſome ſin!*
O, how th'ingenious *fleſh* will plead! abuſe
The height of *Wit*, to argue, or excuſe!
At length, it yeelds: O, give it leave to ſtay
A yeare; a moneth; a weeeke; at leaſt, a day;
And if not ſo, yet let my breaking heart
But hug it once or twice, before we part;
Let me but take my leave, my thoughts ſhall bind me
From the leaſt touch; let me but look behinde me:
Nay ſin, *Gehazi-like*, will have a blow
At cleanſed *Naamans bounty*, ere ſhe goe.

89.
On the Eccho.

An *Eccho's* nothing, but a forc'd rebound,
Or airy repercuſſion of a *ſound*,
Proceeding from ſome *hollow place*, well known
To have no *Bulk*, no *Being* of her own:

It

It is no *ſubſtance*; nothing, but a *Noiſe*;
An *empty ſound*; the *picture* of a voice:
Such is my *Courtly Friend*; at my requeſt
Hee'l breath his ſervice from his hollow breſt,
And *Eccho*-like for every word that's blowne
Into his eares, returnes me *two* for *one*;
But when they come to th' Teſt, alas they'r found
More light then *Ayre*, meere ſhadowes of a Sound:
Ile truſt my God; His bounty ſtill affords
As many *deeds*, as my falſe Friends do *words*.

90.
On a Water-Mill.

THe formall Chriſtian's like a *Water-mill*:
Untill the *Flood-gate's* open, he lies ſtill:
He cannot work at all; he cannot dream
Of going, till his wheeles ſhall find the *ſtream*.

91.
On Paul *and* Apollos.

TIs not, what this man, or what that man ſaith,
Brings the leaſt *ſtone* to th'building of my faith;
My eare may ramble, but my *Conſcience* followes
No man: I'me neither *Pauls*, nor yet *Apollo's*:
When Scripture *gold* lies by me, is it juſt
To take up my Salvation, upon *Truſt*?
My Faith ſhall be confin'd to no mans *Liſts*;
Ile onely follow *Paul*, as *Paul* is *Chriſts*.

92.
On Morus.

IF a poore timorous *Hare* but croſſe the way,
Morus will keep his chamber all the day;
What *Evill* portends it, *Morus*? It does ſhow,
That *Morus is not wiſe*, for thinking ſo.
But *Morus* keeps his *Chamber*: There will be,
Morus, one Foole the leſſe abroad by *Thee*.

93.
On ſome Faiths.

SOme Faiths are like thoſe *Mills*, that cannot grind
Their *Corn*, unleſſe they work againſt the *Wind*.

94.
On the Temporizer.

HE ſeemes to be a *Man of War*; His ſayle
Being fill'd & proſper'd with a fore-right *Gale*,
Makes ſpeedy way; and, with her *Keele*, divides
The ſparkling furrowes of the ſwelling *Tides*;
Or if the wind ſhould ſlack, or ceaſe to blow,
Can make a ſhift to ride it to and fro;
But if it prove a *Storm*, or the wind croſſe,
His wavering *Bottome* ſoon begins to toſſe
Upon the troubled *waves*, without regard
Of either *ſteare*, or yet the *Sea-mans Card*;
His prouder courage quailes, & the rough weather
Tranſports his wandring *keel*, he knowes not whither;

Till

Till, after many a ruine-threatning knock,
He's overwhelm'd or ſplit upon a *Rock.*

95.

On our ſinnes.

IT is an Errour ev'n as *foule* to call
Our ſins too *great* for pardon, as too *ſmall.*

96.

On the Hypocrite.

HEe's like a *Chriſtmas Candle*, whoſe good name
Crowns his faire actions with a glorious *flame*;
Burnes cleare and bright, and leaves no ground for doubt
To queſtion, but he ſtinks at going out;
When Death puffs out his *Flame*, the ſnuff will tell
If he were *Wax* or *Tallow*, by the ſmell.

97.

On Secret-mungers.

HE, that at *Secrets* ſhall compoſe his aime,
Is like the *Flie* that ſports about the Flame;
He never leaves to buzze, untill he brings
Himſelf to ruine; or at leaſt, his *wings:*
And like a deſp'rate *Fly*, though he has bin
Once ſcorcht, hee'l venture at the *Flame* agin.

98.

On a Flye.

THe Sun-delighting *Flye* repaires, at firſt
To the full *Cup*, only to quench her thirſt;
But, oftentimes, ſhe ſports about the *Brink*,
And ſips ſo long till ſhe be drownd in *drink*:
When wanton leyſure ſhall preſent thine eye
With laviſh Cups, *Remember but the Flye.*

99.

On Scripture and Apocrypha.

WHen as the *Scripture* opens to mine eyes,
I ſee my Lord in's *Bed*: But when I meet
Th' *Apocrypha* at th'end, me thinks it lyes,
Like his well count'nanc'd *Page*, at the *Beds feet*;
Who wears his Lords *old Cloths*, made leſſe; & ſayes
His own *Inventions* in his Maſters *Phraſe.*

100.

To my BOOKE.

HEre comes a Criticke; *Cloſe thy Page:*
Thou art no Subject *for this Age:*
And Cenſure, oftentimes, yee know,
Will ſtrike the Dove, *and ſpare the* Crow:
But hold; thy Guilt does not require
That thou ſhouldſt lurk, or yet retire;

Be

Be open as the Eye of Noone:
And let dogs bark againſt the Moone:
Thou haſt no Luſter of thy owne,
But what's deriv'd from Heav'n alone.
Feare not: Thy Heav'n-inſtructed Page,
Will either pleaſe, *or* teach the *Age.*

The end of the ſecond *Booke.*

The end of the Second Book.

DIVINE FANCIES.

The third Booke.

1.

On old Wine and new.

OLd crazy *Casks* are not design'd
to hold
New Wines; nor yet new Vessels,
for the *Old*:
Old must, with *old*; and *new*, with *new*, be fill'd:
Else will the vessels *break*, and Wine be *spill'd*.
These empty *Vessels* are thy heart and mine;
The *Law* and *Gospel* represents the Wine:
The new's the *Spirit*, and the old's the *Letter*;
With reverence to the Text, *The new's the better*.

2.

On Zacharias and the blessed Virgin.

HIs tongue requir'd a *Signe*, which might afford
A clearer *Evidence*, then th'Angels word;
And had it too: Untill those things shall come
To passe, his faithlesse lips are stricken *dumb*:
Our blessed *Virgin*, at her *Salutation*,
Seem'd even as *faithlesse*, on the self-same fashion;
Her lips reply'd, *And how can these things be?*
Hard justice! why *hee* punish'd, and not *shee?*
The Reason's easie to be riddeld out;
Hers was the voice of *Wonder*; His, of *doubt*.

3.

On a Picture.

SOme *Pictures*, with a fore-right eye, if seen,
Present unto the view some beautious *Queen*;
But step aside, and it objects the shape,
On this side, of an *Owle*; on that, an *Ape*:
Looke full upon the World, It proves the Story,
And beautious *Picture* of th'Almighties Glory;
But if thy change of Posture lead thy sight
From the full view, to th'*left hand*, or the *right*,
It offers to thine eye but painted *Toyes*,
Poore *Antike-pleasures*, and *deceitfull Ioyes*.

4.

On Servio.

SErvio's in *Law*: If *Servio* cannot pay
His *Lawyers* Fee, *Servio* may lose the *day*;
No wonder, formall *Servio* does trudge
So oft to Church: He goes to *bribe* his Judge.

5.

On Peters *Cocke*.

THe Cock crow'd *once*, and *Peters* careleſſe ear
Could heare it, but his eye not ſpend a tear:
The Cock crow'd *twice*, *Peter* began to creep
To th'Fier ſide, but *Peter* could not weep:
The Cock crow'd *thrice*; Our Saviour turn'd about,
And look'd on *Peter*; Now his teares burſt out:
'Twas not the *Cock*, It was our Saviours *Eye*;
Till he ſhall give us *teares*, we cannot *cry*.

6.

On Ambidexter.

GOd keep my *Goods*, my *Name*, they never fall
Into the *Net* of *Ambidexters* Lawes;
But for a *Cauſe*, he ſeldome prayes at all;
But curſes, evermore, without a *Cauſe*:
I'de rather have his *Curſes*, all the day,
Then give his Conſcience the leaſt cauſe to *pray*.

7.

On Lazarus, *the Damosell, and a sinner.*

LAz'rus *come forth!* Why could not Laz'rus plead,
I cannot come, great God, for I am dead?
Dam'sell *arise!* when *death* had clos'd her eyes,
What power had the *Dam'sell* to arise?
Sinner repent? Can we as dead, in sin,
As *Laz'rus*, or the *Dam'sell*, live again?
Admit we could, could we appoint the hower?
The *Voyce* that cals, gives, and gives then the power.

8.

On Sinne.

HOw, how am I deceiv'd! I thought my bed
Had entertain'd a faire, a beauteous *Bride:*
O, how were my beleeving thoughts misled
To a false *Beauty*, lying by my side!
Sweet were her *Kisses*, full of choice delight;
My Fancy found no difference in the *night.*
I thought they were true *loves*, that thus had led
My darkned Soule, but they were false *Alarmes*;
I thought I'd had faire *Rachel* in my Bed,
But I had bleare-ey'd *Leah* in my armes:
How seeming sweet is *Sin*, whē cloth'd with Night!
But when discover'd, what a *loathd* delight!

The

9.

On Repentance.

TIs not, to *cry God mercy*, or to ſit
And droop; or to confeſſe, that thou haſt faild;
Tis, to bewaile the ſins, thou didſt commit,
And not commit thoſe ſins, thou haſt bewaild:
He that bewailes, and not forſakes them too,
Confeſſes rather, what he meanes to doe.

10.

On Man.

MAn is a moving *Limbeck*, to diſtill
Sweet ſmelling waters; wherewithall to fill
Gods empty *Bottle*: Lord, doe thou inſpire
Thy quickning *ſpirit*; put in thy ſacred *Fire*;
And then mine eyes ſhall never ceaſe to drop,
Till they have brimd thy *Bottle*, to the Top:
I can doe nothing, Lord, till thou inſpire:
I'm a cold *Limbeck*, but expecting *Fire*.

11.

On the pouring out of our hearts.

TIs eaſie to *poure in*: But few, I doubt,
Attain that curious Art, of *pouring out*:
Some poure their hearts, like *oyle*, that there reſides
An unctious ſubſtance ſtill, about the ſides:
Others, like *Wine*; which, though the *ſubſtance* paſſe,
Does leave a kinde of *ſavour* in the Glaſſe;

Some poure their *hearts* like *Milk*, whose *hiew* distains
Though neither *substance*, nor the *sent* remains:
How shall we poure them, then, that *smel*, nor *matter*,
Nor *colour* stay? *Poure out your hearts like water.*

12.
On Friends.

GOd shield me from those friends, I *trust*; and be
My firm defence from such, as *trust not* Thee.

13.
On the Hypocrite.

HEe's like a *Bul-rush*; seemes so smooth, that not
The eye of *Cato* can discry a knot:
Pill but the *Bark*, and strip his smoother skin,
And thou shalt find him spungy all within:
His browes are alwaies ponderous as Lead,
He ever droops, and hangs his *velvet* head:
He washes often; but, if thou enquire
Into his depth, his roots are fixt in *myre.*

14.
On Servio.

S'*Ervio* would thrive; and therefore, do's obay
Gods Law, and shuts up *Shop* oth' Sabbath day:
Servio would prosper in his home affaires,
And therefore dares not misse his *Diet-Prayers:*
Servio must put to *Sea*, and does implore;
To th'end, that he might safely come *ashore.*

Servio

Servio's in Suit, and therefore must be tyed
To Morning prayer, untill his *Cause* bee tried:
Servio begins to loath a Single life,
And therefore prayes for a high-portion'd *Wife*:
Servio would fain be thought religious too,
And therefore prayes as the *Religious* doe:
Servio still prayes for *Profit*, or *Applause*;
Servio will seldome pray, without a *Cause*.

15.

On the Devils Master-Piece.

THis is the height the Devils *Art* can show,
To make man proud, because he is not so.

16.

On our Saviours Fishing.

WHen as our blessed Saviour took in hand
To be a *Fisher*; Mark the rule he keeps;
He first puts off a little from the Land;
And, by degrees, he launch'd into the *Deeps*:
By whose example, our *Men-fishers* hold
The selfsame course; They do the same, *or should.*

17.

On Mans greatest Enemy.

OF all those mortall Enemies, that take part
Against my Peace, *Lord*, keep me frō my *Heart.*

Hee's

18.

On the Hypocrite.

HE's like a *Reed*, that alwaies does reside,
Like a well planted *Tree*, by th' water side;
He beares no other fruit, but a vain brag
Of formall sanctity; A very *Flag*:
Hee's round, and full of substance, to the show;
But hollow hearted, if inquir'd into:
In peacefull seasons, when the weather's faire,
Stands firm; but shakes, with every blast of *Aire*.

19.

On the holy Scriptures.

WHy did our blessed Saviour please to breake
His sacred thoughts in *Parables*; and speake
In dark *Enigmaes*? Whosoeve thou be
That findst them so, they were not spoke to Thee:
In what a case is hee, that haps to runne
Against a post, and cries, *How dark's the Sunne*?
Or he, in Summer, that complaines of *Frost*?
The Gospell's hid to none, but who are lost.
The Scripture is a *Ford*, wherein, 'tis said,
An Elephant may *swim*, a Lamb may *wade*.

20.

On Mans heart.

NAture presents my heart in *Ore*,
Faire civill cariage *gilds* it o're;

Which

Which when th'Almighty ſhall behold
With a pleas'd eye, he brings to *gold:*
Thus chang'd, the Temple *Ballance* weighs it;
If droſſe remain, the *Touch* bewrayes it;
Afflictions *Furnace* then refines it;
Gods holy *Spirit* ſtamps and coynes it:
No *Coyne* ſo currant; it will goe
For the beſt *Wares*, that Heav'n can ſhow.

21.

On Drunkenneſſe.

MOſt Sins, at leaſt, pleaſe *Senſe*; but this is treaſon
Not only 'gainſt the *crowne* of *Senſe*, but *Reaſon.*

22.

On a Kiſſe.

ERe ſince our bleſſed Saviour was betrayd
With a *Lip-Kiſſe*, his Vicar is afraid:
From whence, perchance, this common uſe did grow
To kiſſe his tother End; *I mean his Toe.*

23.

On the Alchymiſt.

THe patient *Alchymiſt*, whoſe vain deſire,
By Art, is to diſſemble Natures *Fire*,
Imployes his labour to tranſmute the old,
And baſer *ſubſtance* into perfect *Gold:*
He laughs at unbeleevers, ſcornes and flouts
Illiterate *Counſell*; neither cares, nor doubts:

Untill, at length, by his ingenious *Itch*,
Hee's brought moſt poore, in ſeeking to be rich:
Such is the *Civill man*; that by his even
And levell actions hopes to merit Heaven;
He thinks, by help of *Nature*, to acquire,
At leaſt, to counterfeit the ſacred Fire
Of ſaving *Grace*, to purge, and to refreſh
His baſe deſires, and change his *ſtone* to *fleſh*:
He ſpurnes at Counſell; He derides and jerks
Thoſe whining Spirits that renounce their *works*;
Till, too much truſting to their doing well,
In ſeeking Heaven, they find the flames of Hell.

24.
On the ten Lepers.

TEn *Lepers* clenſed? And but one of ten
Return the *Clenſer* thanks? Ungratefull men!
But *Ten* i'th' *Hundred?* That's a Gaine that we
Receive or Sue, yet oft deny it Thee.

25.
On the laſt Epigram.

HOw, how am I deceiv'd, that ſpeake to thee
Of *Intereſt*, when the purchaſe was in *Fee?*
Thou mad'ſt a clean *Conveyance* to the Ten,
And ne'r expect'dſt the *Principall* agen:
Lord, we muſt reckon by another *Rate*:
They gave not one yeares Purchaſe forth' *Eſtate*:
Lord, how we palter with thee! We pretend
A preſent Payment, till w'obtaine our *End*:

And

And then we crave, and crave a longer day;
Then pay in *Driblets*; or else, never pay.

26.

On the Boxe of Oyntment.

IT is no wonder, he, above the rest,
Whom *thirtie pieces* tempted to betray
The Lord of *Glory* to his death, profest
The *Boxe of oyntment* was but cast away:
He that dare *murther* at so small a cost,
May eas'ly think the charge in *Buriall*, lost.

27.

On Mary *and* Judas.

MAry did kisse him: *Judas* kist him too;
But both their aimes were cover'd in a *mist*:
Both kisse our Saviour; but their kisses doe
Differ as far as did the parts they kist:
There's danger still, where double hearts do steale
The form of *Love*, or weare the cloak of *Zeale*.

28.

On our Saviour and his Vicar.

METhinks thy *Vicar Gen'rall* beares the Keyes,
And executes thy *Place*, with greater ease,
And in one *Iubile*, enjoyes more mirth,
Then thou, my dying Lord, didst from thy Birth:
Alas! Thou hadst not, wherewithall to fill
Thy craving stomack: He has *Cates* at will:

Thy empty Coffers had not to defray
Thy *Tribute charge*; To him Kings *Tribute* pay:
Foxes have holes; Thou hadst not, whereupon
To rest thy wakefull head: He snorts in *Doune*:
In short, Thy life was nothing but the Story
Of *Poverty*; and his, of Princely *Glory*:
When tempting Satan would have giv'n thee all
The *wealth* and *glory* of the world, to fall
And worship him; at thy refusall, Lord,
Thy Vicar took the *Tempter* at his word;
So came thy wants so great, so great his store;
The Vicar so so *rich*; the Lord, so *poore*.

29.
On the great Prelate.

OUr Saviours *feet* were kist: The people doe
The very same to thee, great *Prelate*, too;
O, who will seale but such another *Kisse*
Upon thy *Lips*, our Saviour had on his!

30.
On Idolatry.

CAn common madnesse find a thing, that's more
Repugnant to the very Lawes of *Nature*;
That the Creators *Image* should adore
The senslesse Image of a sensuall *creature*!
If such be Gods; if such our helpers be,
O, What are Men! How more then Beasts are we!

That

31.

On the Tables of Stone.

THat ſtony *Table* could receive the print
Of thy juſt *Lawes*; Thy *Lawes* were written in't:
It could be hew'd, and letters grav'n thereon;
Sure, Lord, my Heart is harder then that *ſtone.*

32.

On Mans three Enemies.

THere's three, that with their fiery *Darts*, do level
Againſt my Soule, the *World*, the *Fleſh*, the *devil.*
Lord, give me patience, if not ſtrength; For there
Are *Three* t'afflict me; I'm but *One*, to beare.

33.

On Dinah.

WHen *Dinahs* careles *Eye* was grown too laviſh
To entertain, *Sechem* found time to *raviſh*:
It is no leſſe then ſilent invitation,
Although we ſcorn the ſin, to give th'occaſion:
Sure *Dinahs* Reſolution was too ſtrong,
Or to *admit*, or not *reſiſt* a *Wrong*,
And ſcornes to ſtoop to the *Adulterers* armes;
We often burn, intending but to warme's:
She went but out to ſee; Perchance, to heare
What *Luſt* could ſay: What harm to lend an eare?
Anothers ſin, ſometimes procures our ſhames:
It ſtaines our Bodies; or, at leaſt, our Names.

34.

On FIDO.

MArk, when the good man proſpers with his *plot*,
Hee's ſtill envy'd; deſpis'd, if proſper not;
The Wicked have no *peace* with God; And, then,
How canſt thou, *Fido*, look t'have *peace* with men?

35.

On Jacob.

HOw *Iacob's* troop'd! *Laban* purſues with one
Great *Troop*; and *Eſau* meets him with another:
Laban reſolves to apprehend his Son;
Eſau, to be reveng'd upon his Brother:
Me thinks I ſee how Jacob *ſtands ſupplide,*
Like Vertue with a vice on either ſide.
Laban purſues him, to regaine his *gods*:
Eſau, t'avenge his *Birth-right* and his *Bleſſing*:
What hope has *Iacob* now? 'Twixt both, 'tis ods,
There will be either *Death* or *Diſpoſſeſſing*:
God takes delight to turn our helper, then,
When all our helps and hopes are paſt with men.
Laban encounters *Iacob*: He requires
His *gods*: And *Eſau's* neare at hand, by this:
Laban's appeas'd; and quencht are *Eſaus* Fires;
T'one leaves him; T'other meets him with a *Kiſſe*:
Iacob's in league with both: *The Soule that ſhall*
Have peace with God, has league and peace with all.

It

36.

On Drunkennesse.

IT is a *Thiefe*; that, oft, before his face,
Steales *Man* away, and layes a *Beast* in's place.

37.

On a Tenis-Court.

MAn is a *Tenis-Court*: His Flesh, the *Wall*:
The Gamesters *God*, and *Satan*: Th'heart's the *Ball*:
The higher and the lower *Hazzards* are
Too bold *Presumption*, and too base *Despaire*:
The *Rackets*, which our restlesse *Balls* make flye,
Adversity, and sweet *Prosperity*:
The Angels keep the *Court*, and mark the place,
Where the *Ball* falls, and chaulk out ev'ry *Chase*:
The *Line's* a Civill life we often crosse,
Ore which, the *Ball* not flying, makes a *Losse*:
Detractors are like *Standers-by*, and bett
With Charitable men: Our *Life's* the *Sett*.
Lord, in this *Conflict*, in these fierce *Assaults*,
Laborious *Satan* makes a world of *Faults*;
Forgive them Lord, although he ne'r implore
For favour: They'l be set upon our *score*:
O, take the *Ball*, before it come to th'ground,
For this base *Court* has many a *false Rebound*:
Strike, and strike hard, but strike above the *Line*:
Strike where thou please, so as the *Sett* be thine.

Abell:

38.
On Abels *Blood.*

ABel was silent, but his *blood* was strong,
Each drop of guiltles *blood* commands a tongue,
A tongue, that *cryes*; 'Tis not a tongue, implores
For *gentle Audience*; 'Tis a tongue that rores
For hideous *Vengeance:* 'Tis a tongue that's bold
And full of *Courage*, and that cannot hold:
O, what a noise my Blessed Saviours *Blood* (loud!
Makes now in Heav'n! how strong it cries! how
But not for *Vengeance:* From his side has sprung
A world of *drops*; From ev'ry drop, a *Tongue.*

39.
On the Memory.

DOes thy corrected Frailty still complain
Of thy disloyall *Mem'ry?* Do'st retain
Nothing that's Good; And is the better part
Of what thou hear'st, before it warm thy heart,
Snatcht from thy false *Remembrance?* Is the most
Of what th'inspired *Prophets* tell thee, lost
In thy unhospitable eares? And not
To be recall'd? Quite buried? Quite forgot?
Feare not: Thou hast a *Chanc'lour* in thy Breast,
That keeps th'*Exchequer*, and hoards up the least,
The *poorest Sum:* No, no, thou needst not feare,
There's nothing will be lost that's taken there:
Think'st thou, that thou hast lost that piece of *Gold*
That's dropt into a fairer *Heap*, untold?

Or

Or canſt thou judge that *Fier*, clos'd about
With rak'd up *Embers*, 'cauſe not ſeen, is out?
Gold, loſt in greater *ſums*, is ſtill thine own;
And rak'd up *Embers* will, in time, be blown
To *Flames*: Beleev't, the *Words* thine eares have loſt,
Thy *heart* will find, when thou ſhalt need *them* moſt

40.

On the Babel-Builders.

SUre, if thoſe *Babel-builders* had thought good
To raiſe their heav'n-high *tower* before the *Flood*,
The wiſer ſort of people might deride
Their *Folly*, and that Folly had ſalv'd their *pride*;
Or had their *Faiths* but enterpriz'd that *plot*,
Their *hearts* had finiſht what their hands could not;
'Twas not for love of Heav'n: nor did they aime
So much to raiſe a *Building*, as a *Name*:
They that by *Works* ſhall ſeek to make intruſion
To Heav'n, find nothing but their own *Confuſion*.

41.

On Eſau *and* Jacob.

E*Sau* goes forth; ſtrives, with his own diſquiet,
To purchaſe *Ven'ſon*, for his Fathers Diet:
Iacob abides at home; and by his *Mother*,
Is taught the way, how to ſupplant his Brother:
There's ſome that hunt, like *Eſau*, ſweat and toile,
And ſeek their *Bleſſing* by their own *Turmoile*;
Whilſt others crave aſſiſtance, and bewray
Their wiſer *weakneſſe*, in a ſafer *Way*:

O, if the Church my *Mother* will inſtruct me;
Make *ſavory Meat*, and cloath me, and conduct me
Into my Fathers *Armes*, theſe hands ſhall never
Truſt to the poorenesſe of their own *Endevor*:
Bring I a *Kid* but of my *Mothers* dreſſing,
'Twill pleaſe my *Father*, and procure my *Bleſſing*.

42.

On ſeverall Sinnes.

Groſſe ſinne

IS like a *Show'r*, which ere we can get in
Into our conſcience, wets us to skin.

Sinne of Infirmity

IS like the falling of an *Aprill ſhowre*;
'Tis often *Rain*, and *Sun-ſhine*, in an howre.

Sinne of Cuſtome

IS a long *ſhowre*, beginning with the Light;
Oft-times continuing till the *Dead of Night*.

Sinne of Ignorance,

IT is a hideous *Miſt*, that wets amain,
Though it appeare not in the form of *Rain*.

Crying ſinne,

IT is a ſudden *ſhowre*, that teares in ſunder
The *Cope* of *heav'n*, & alway comes with *Thunder*.

Sinne of delight

IS like a *feathered ſhowre of Snow*, not felt,
But ſoakes to th'very skin, when ere it melt.

Sinne of Preſumption

DOes like a *ſhower of Haile*, but wet and wound
With ſudden death: or ſtrikes us to the *Ground*.

The ſin of ſinnes,

IT is a *ſulph'rous ſhowre*, ſuch as fell
On *Sodom*, ſtrikes, and ſtrikes to th' *Pit of Hell*.

43.

On theſe ſhowres.

GOod God! what *Weather's* here! Theſe ſoules
Have ſtill the luck to travell in a *ſhower*: (of our
Lord, we are cold and pitifully drencht;
Not a drie Thread; And all our *Fier's* quencht:

Our very Blood is cold; Our trembling knees
Are mutuall *Anvils*; Lord, we ſtand and freeze;
Alas, we find ſmall comfort from the *Eye*
Of Heav'n; Theſe ſhouring *clouds*, our *ſins*, doe flye
Betwixt the *Sun* and us: We dry no more,
Then if the *Sun* had giv'n his office o'r:
Nay Lord; if now and then thoſe *Beams* do chance
To breake upon's, and lend a feeble glance
Upon our reeking *ſoules*, ere we begin
To feele the warmth, w'are dous'd & drencht agin:
In what a caſe are we! Our nightly *damps*
And daily *ſtorms*, have fill'd our Soules with *Cramps*;
With wavering *Palſeys*, and our hoarſer tongues
Can doe thee ſervice, nor in *Prayers* nor *Songs*:
Our Zeales are aguiſh; hot and cold: They bee
Extreamely hot to th'*World*, as cold to *Thee*;
Our Blood has got a *Fever*: Lord, it muſt
Be ſet on fire with every wanton *Luſt*: (not
What worlds of miſchiefes are there, that prevaile
Upon our fainting Soules? What is't we aile not,
That wet and cold can bring? Yet have no power
To keep us in, but dabble in the *Shower*:
Shine forth, bright *Sun* of glory; Be as fierce,
As theſe eclipſing *Clouds* are black; Diſperce
And cleare them with thy ſtronger beams, that thus
Dare interpoſe betwixt thy Glory, and us:
Reflect on my diſtempered Soule; Refine
This vap'rous *Earth*, this ſinfull Fleſh of mine;
That, tho' ſome *Drops* muſt fall, I may have power,
Shelter'd by Thee, t'avoid the down right *Shower*:
O let my dabled *ſpirit* ſtill retire
To thee, and warme her by thy Sacred *Fire*;

That

That having ravill'd out some weary howres,
She may arrive where's neither *Clouds* nor *showres*.

44.

On Dives *and* Lazarus.

DId ever *Iudge* more equally proceed
To punish *sin*? so right, in kind, and nature?
Poore *Laz'rus* was refus'd a *crumb* of Bread;
And *Dives* was deny'd a *drop* of Water:
Children are oftentimes so like the Mother,
That men may eas'ly know the one, by th'other.

45.

On two Suitors.

THe *Soule* is like a *Virgin*; for whose love
Two jealous Suitors strive; Both daily move
For Nuptiall favour; Both, with Lovers Art,
Plead for the Conquest of the Virgins *heart:*
The first, approaching, knockt, and knockt agin;
The *Doore* being op'ned, at his entring in,
He blush'd; and (as young bashfull Lovers use)
Is more then halfe discouraged, ere he sues:
At length, that love, that taught him what to fear,
Gave resolution to present her ear
With what he hop'd, and in a lovers fashion,
He oft repeates the story of his *Passion:*
He vowes his *Faith*, and the sincere perfection
Of undissembled, and entire *Affection*;
He sues for equall mercy from her *Eye*;
And must have love, or else, for love, must dye:

His preſent meanes were ſhort: He made profeſſion
Of a faire *Ioynture*, though but ſmall *poſſeſſion*:
And in a word, to make his *paſſion* good,
He offers to deſerve her with his Blood:
The other boldly enters: with the ſtrong
And ſweet-lip'd *Rhet'ricke* of a Courtly tongue,
Salutes her gentle eares: His lips diſcover
The amorous language of a wanton *Lover*:
He ſmiles and faunes, and now and then lets flye
Imperious *glaunces* from his ſparkling Eye;
Bribes her more *orient neck* with *Pearl*; with *charms*-
-Encloſing *Bracelets* decks her ivory *Armes*;
He boaſts th'extent of his Imperiall Power,
And offers Wealth and Glory for a *Dower*:
Betwixt them both, the Virgin ſtands perplext;
The firſt Tale pleas'd her well, untill the next
Was told: Shee lik'd the one, the other; Loth
To make a choice: She could affect them *Both*:
The one was jocund, full of ſprightly mirth:
The other, better born; of Nobler birth:
The ſecond ſu'de in a compleater faſhion:
I, but the firſt ſhow'd deeper wounds of Paſſion:
The firſt was ſadly modeſt; And the laſt
More rudely pleaſant: His faire lookes did caſt
More am'rous flames; But yet the tothers eye
Did promiſe greater Nuptiall *Loyalty*:
The laſt's more rich; yet Riches, but for life,
Make a poore *Widow*, of a happy *Wife*:
The firſt's *Eſtate's* but ſmall, if not made good
By Death: Faire *Ioynures* comfort *Widowhood*:
Whom ſhall this *Virgin* chuſe? Her thoughts approve
The laſt, for preſent *wealth*; the firſt, for *love*:

Both

Both may not be enjoy'd: Her heart must smother
Her love to *one*, if she affect the *other*.
Ah, silly *Virgin*! Is the choice so hard
In two extremes? Can thy weak thoughts reward
Two so unequall, with a like respect?
Knowst thou not which to slight, & which t'affect?
Submit to better judgement, and advise
With thy best *Friend*: O trust not thine own eyes:
This *last*, that seemes so pleasant, so acute,
Is but a *slave*, dreſt in his Lords old *Suit*:
He brags of *glory*, and of Princely Power,
When he is kickt and baffled every hower:
The *Treasure* that he boasts is not his own,
He basely stole it, and the *Theft* is known;
For which, he is *arraign'd*, condemn'd to th'paines
Of *death*; His sentence is, to hang in *Chaines*:
His plot's to bring thee in as deep as hee:
Beleev't, It is thy *Blood* he seeks, not *Thee*:
The *Bribes* he gave thee, are but stoln: Fond *Girle*,
Discard those *Bracelets*, and disclaime that *Pearle*:
The *first*, whose oft repeated knocks did crave
Admittance, was the Lord to that base *slave*:
His *Faith* is loyall, and as firm his *Vow*:
To him, his life's not halfe so deare, as thou:
That *wealth*, that *honour*, that dissembled *power*,
That pleasant *Peasant* offer'd as a *Dower*,
Is that faire Lords: Nor *peace*, nor *pow'r*, nor *wealth*
Can any challenge from him, but by stealth:
Match there, my Soule, and let thy sacred Vowes
Plight holy contracts with so sweet a Spouse:
His left hand's full of *treasure*; And his right,
Of *peace*, and *honour*, and unknown *delight*:

Hee'l

Hee'l give thee *wealth*; and in that wealth, content,
For present meanes; And (when thy *glasse* has spent
Her lateſt Sand, that Time untranſitory
Thy dayes) a Joynture of *Eternall Glory*.

46.

On the old and new Garment.

New Garments being brought, who is't that would
Not ſcorn to live a Priſ'ner to the *Old*?
Yet though our bounteous Saviour, at his coſt,
Preſents us *new*, we love the *old ones* moſt:
Alas, they pinch us! O, they ſit too ſtrait!
They are too cumberſome! too great a waight!
No, no; the *old* were too too light, too great;
So we have eaſe, we care not to be neat:
Like tyred Jades, our better wills repaire
To a foule *Stable*, then t'a *Rode* that's faire.

47.

On Mans Co-operation.

We are not *Blocks*: We muſt expect the *Call*;
And, being call'd, muſt *move*, and *riſe* withall:
The *Voyce* were needleſſe, and as good be dumb,
As, with the *Call*, not give the *pow'r* to come:
Deſerves he food, that thinks it vain to gape?
Chriſt takes his Spouſe by *Contract*, not by *Rape*.

The

48.

On the old and new Tables.

THe former *Tables* of the Law were broken,
And left no Monuments of themselves, no token,
No Signe that ever such things were: But mark,
The *later* were kept holy in the *Ark*:
Those Tables are our *Hearts*. Can we be bold
To look for *new*, and yet not break the *old*?
Or can the ruines of the old find place
In th'Ark of *Glory*, not repair'd by *Grace*?
Dismount, O blessed *Moses*, and renew
Those *Tables* thou hast broken, or make *new*.

49.

On a Crucifixe.

WHy not the *Picture* of our dying Lord,
As of a Friend? Nor *this*, nor *that's* ador'd:
Does not th' Eternall Law command, that thou
Shalt ev'n as well forbeare to make, as bow?
Not to so good an *end*? T'advance his *Passion*?
The *gold* being *pure*, what matter for the *Fashion*?
Take heed: The purest gold does often take
Some losse, some prejudice, for the fashions sake.
Not to a *Civill end*? To garnish *Halls*?
To deck our *windowes*? To adorne our *Walls*?
Shew-bread must not be common: And the Cruse
Of holy Oyle admits no Civill use:
No, no; the beauty of his *Picture* lies
Within; Tis th'object of our *Faith*, not *Eyes*.

50.

On praying to Saints.

NOt pray to *Saints*? Is not the *Warrant* ample;
If *backt* with *Scripture*? *strengthen'd* with *example*?
Did not that ſweltring *Dives* make *complaint*
For water? was not *Abraham* a *Saint*?
Why ſhould Reformed *Churches* then forbid it?
'Tis true: But tell me; what was *He*, that did it?

51.

On Confeſſion.

EXperience tels, That *Agues* are about
To weare away, when as our *Lips* breake out:
In Spiritnall *Fevers*, there's the ſame expreſſion
Of Health, when lips breake forth into *Confeſſion*:
But mark: Theſe hopefull *ſymptomes* never doe
Confirm the Ague *gone*, but *faire to give*:
They doe not alwayes worke, what they portend;
Confeſſion profits not, unleſſe we mend.

52.

On Solomons *Rejoyce.*

YOung man Rejoyce: What jolly mirth is here?
Let thy heart cheere thee: What delicious Cheare?
In thy young dayes; Thy cates will reliſh ſweeter?
Walk thy own wayes: Thy cares will paſſe the fleeter:
Pleaſe thy own heart: Carve where it likes thee beſt:
Delight thine eyes: And be a Joyfull Gueſt:

But

But know withall, The Day will come, whereon
Thy Iudge will doome thee for the deeds th'ast done:
O what a *Feast!* O what a *Reckning's* here!
The *Cates* are sweet; The *Shot's* extreamely deare:
Lord, I have been, and am a daily *Guest*
(Too oft invited) at the *Young mans* Feast:
The *Reckning's* great; Although I cannot pay,
I can *Confesse*; Great God, before this Day,
I had been dragd to the redeemlesse *Iayle*,
Hadst thou not pleas'd t'accept my Saviours *Baile*;
Lord, he must bear't I doubt: For I can get
Nor *Coyn* to pay, nor labour out the *Debt*:
I cannot *digge*, my Joynts are stark and lame;
But I can *begge*, although I beg with shame;
I have no *Grace* in begging; can receive
The first *repulse*: I have no *Faith*, to crave:
If th'entertainments of the *Feast* be these;
Lord give me *Famine*; take the *Feast* that please.

53.
On Bread.

TAke up that bit of *Bread*! And understand,
What 'tis thou holdest in thy careless hand:
Observe it with thy thoughts, and it will read thee
An usefull Lecture, ev'n as well as feed thee;
We stir our *Lands* or give directions how;
But God must send a season in for the *Plow*:
We sowe our *Seed*; But sowe our seed in vain,
If Heav'n deny the first, the latter *Rain*; (cease
Small proof in *showers*, if heav'ns pleas'd hand shall
To blesse those showrs, nor crown them with *encrease*.

The tender *Blades* appeare, before thine eye,
But, *unrefresht* by heav'n, as soon they die:
The infant *Eares* shoot forth, and now begin
To corn: But God must hold his *Mildewes* in:
The *Harvest's* come: But Clouds conspire together;
Hands canot work, till heav'n shall cleare the *weather*:
At length 'tis reap'd: Between the *Barn* & *Furrow*
How many Offices poore Man runs thorow!
Now God has done his part: The rest we share
To Man: His providence takes now the care:
No; yet it is not ours: The use alone,
Not bare possession makes the thing our own:
Thy swelling *Barnes* have crownd thy full desire;
But heav'n, when Mows should *sweat*, can make the
I, but the *sheaves* are thrasht, and the heap lies (*fire.*
In thy full *Garnier*; He that sent the *Flyes*
To *Pharoes* Court, can, with as great an ease,
Send thee more wastfull *vermin*, if he please:
Perchance 'tis grounded, kneaded: and what though?
Gods *Curse* is often temper'd with the *Dough*;
Beleev't, the fruits of all thy toyle, is mine:
Uuntill they be enjoy'd, as much as *thine*:
But now't has fed thee: Is thy soule at rest?
Perchance, thy stomack's dainty to digest.
No, if heav'ns following favour doe not last
From the first *Furrow* to the very *Tast*,
Thy labour's lost: The *Bread* of all thy travill,
Without that blessing, feeds no more then *Gravill*.
Now wastfull Man, thou may'st repose again
That Modell of Gods *Prov'dence* and thy *pain*,
That bit of *Bread*; And if thy Dog should fawn
Upon thy lap, let not so deare a Pawn

Of

Of greater plenty be contemn'd and loſt;
Remember *how* it came, and *what* it coſt.

54.

On Faith and Reaſon.

TRue *Faith* and *Reaſon*, are the Soules two *Eyes*:
Faith evermore lookes upward, and diſcryes
Objects remote; but *Reaſon* can diſcover
Things only neare; ſees nothing that's above her;
They are not *Matches*; Often diſagree;
And ſometimes both are clos'd, and neither ſee:
Faith viewes the *Sun*; and *Reaſon*, but the ſhade;
T'one courts the *Miſtreſſe*; t'other wooes the *Maid*:
That ſees the *Fire*; This, only but the *Flint*,
The true-bred Chriſtian alwaies lookes aſquint.

55.

On Carnall Mirth.

WHo ſeekes to quench by help of *Carnall* frends
Thoſe fiery *Errants* that the conſcience ſends,
Redeems his *Peace*, but with a further *ſpoyle*;
Drinks in a *Fever*: quenches Fire with Oyle.
Lord, if thou ſtrike my *Conſcience*; and that, *Me*:
I will expect, and truſt no Friend, but *Thee*.

56.

On Prayer.

Prayer's like a *Vapour* fum'd from earth; that flies
To th'*gates* of Heav'n: It never rots ith'skies:
If *Faith* and *It* be joyn'd, it will obtain,
And melt into a first and latter *Rain*;
If *Faith* forsake her, and they part in sunder,
It falls in *Thunderbolts*; at least, in *Thunder*.

57.

On ANNA.

WHat faithfull *Anna* by her Tears had done,
Deserv'd the double duty of a Son:
She was a *double* Parent; pleas'd to doe
A double Office; *bore*, and *got* him too:
Thus *Samuel* was (It was lesse strange then rare)
Born of her *Body*, gotten by her *Prayer*.

58.

On a Gift.

NO *losse* to give to thee; the gift is more
Our *owne*, being giv'n, great God, then 'twas (before,

59.

On my selfe.

IF righteous *Ely* was not vengeance free,
How shall I scape! He was a Saint, to me:
Nay, Lord, how would my heart and comfort faile,
If I should weigh thy Mercies in our *Scale*!

60.

On Iustification and Sanctification.

LOrd, thou hast promis'd, *in* and *for* thy Christ,
To *sanctifie* where ere thou *Iustifi'st*:
Lord, all my Evills are Justifi'd in thee;
Lord, let those Evils be sanctifi'd to mee.

61.

On Mans Love.

WHen think we, Lord, on thee! & when we do,
How feeble are our thoughts, & sinfull too!
How basely doe our crooked Soules engage
Themselves to Heav'n? We make thy Glory, *Page*
To our Salvation: Mans more servile heart
Loves what he'd *have* thee, *Lord*, not what thou *art*!
This is the very best of Man; wherein
W'are apt to think we *merit* more, then *sin*:
But there's a baser *Love*: Our chief respects
Have meere relation to our own *Defects*;
Like Dogs we faun upon our Masters *Laps*,
With dirty feet, and only love for *Scraps*.

But

But there's a baſer yet: We love for *feare*,
Finding, like *Kain*, more then we can beare,
And, were it not for ſhame, our hearts would be
As warm to *Satan*, as, great God, to *Thee*:
But there's a baſer yet: And baſer none:
We love thee, to be lov'd of man alone:
We force a *Zeale*; uſurp the name of *Pure*;
That we may ſin more *cloſely*, more *ſecure*;
We love thee only to abuſe thee, juſt
As Whores love Husbands, but to cloke their luſt:
How art thou martyr'd in our luſtfull Fires!
How made a *Stale* to catch our *wilde* deſires!
Lord, I will love as far as lies in me,
Thee for thy *ſelf*, and all things elſe in *Thee*.

62.
On filiall love and ſervile.

THey'r not alike, although alike appeare:
T'one feares for *love*: The other loves for *Feare*.

63.
On Grapes.

IT is receiv'd, That *ſeed* of Grapes being ſowne,
Brings forth *degenerate* Cluſters, or elſe *none*:
But Stocks being *grafted* prove a *fruitfull* Vine,
Whoſe pleaſing *Berries* yeeld a generous Wine;
We are thy *Vineyard*, Lord; Theſe Grapes of our,
By *Nature*, are degenerous and ſower;
But if thou pleaſe to *graft* us, we ſhall beare
Delicious fruit; which being preſt, ſhall cheare

The

The hearts of *Angels*, and that bleſſed *Trine*
Of perfect glory, with their ſprightly *Wine*.

64.

On Ioy and Griefe.

LOrd, if my *Griefs* were not oppos'd with *Ioy*,
They would deſtroy:
And if my *Mirth* were not allaid with *Sadneſſe*,
It would be Madneſſe:
While *this*, with *that*; or *that* with *this* contends,
They're both my *Friends*:
But when theſe happy *Wars* doe chance to ceaſe,
I have no peace.
The more my earthly *Paſſions* doe conteſt,
The more my heav'nly *Affections* are at reſt.

65.

On Doves and Serpents.

WE muſt have *Doves* and *Serpents* in our heart,
But how they muſt be marſhall'd there's the *Art*;
They muſt agree, and not be far aſunder;
The *Dove* muſt hold the wily *Serpent* under:
Their natures teach what places they muſt keep,
The *Dove* can *flye*, the *Serpent* only *creep*.

66.

On Chriſt, and our ſelves.

I wiſh a greater knowledge, then t'attaine
The knowledge of *my ſelfe*; A greater Gaine

Then to augment *my ſelfe*; A greater Treaſure
Then to enjoy *my ſelfe*; A greater Pleaſure
Then to content *my ſelfe*: How ſlight, and vaine
Is all ſelfe-Knowledge, Pleaſure, Treaſure, Gaine;
Unleſſe my better knowledge could retrive
My Chriſt; unleſſe my better Gaine could thrive
In Chriſt; unleſſe my better Wealth grow rich
In Chriſt; unleſſe my better Pleaſure pitch
On Chriſt; Or elſe my knowledge will proclaime
To my own heart how ignorant I am:
Or elſe my Gaine, ſo ill improv'd, will ſhame
My Trade, and ſhew how much declin'd I am:
Or elſe my Treaſure will but blurre my name
With *Bankrupt*, and divulge how poore I am;
Or elſe my Pleaſurs that ſo much *inflame*
My thoughts, will blab how full of ſores I am.
Lord, keep me from *my ſelfe*; 'Tis beſt for me,
Never to own *my ſelfe*, if not in *Thee*.

67.
On Man.

AT our Creation, but the *Word* was ſaid,
And we were made:
No ſooner were, but our falſe hearts did ſwell
With *Pride*, and fell:
How ſlight is *Man*! At what an eaſie coſt
Hee's *made* and *loſt*?

We

68.
On Death.

WE all are going to the ſelfe-ſame *Place*;
We only differ in our *Way*, our *Pace*:
One treads the *common Rode* of Age: Another
Travels, directed by the hand of's *Brother*:
Some croſſe the *Waves*, perchance the nearer way;
Some by the winged *Shaft* that flies by Day;
Some ride on *Feavers*; others beat the hoof,
With horſes in their hands, and make a proof
Of their own *ſtrength*; Others more fairely pace
On *Beds of Doun*; ſome ride a ſpeedy race
On hot-mouth'd *Surfets*, emulous for the *Cup*;
Some hotly mounted fiercely gallop up
On ſpurgall'd *Broyles*, whoſe Frantick motions ſend
Their haſty ſpirits to their *Iournies end*:
Some ride upon the racking Steeds of *Treaſure*;
Others falſe-gallop on the backs of Pleaſure:
All journey forwards to the ſelfe-ſame Place;
Some, the next way; and ſome the faſter pace:
All poſt an-end; till beaten out of *Breath*,
They all arrive at the great *gates* of Death.
Lord, in this *common Rode*, I doe not care
What pace I travell, ſo my way be faire.

69.
On the life of Man.

OUr Life is nothing but a *Winters Day*;
Some only break their *Faſt*, and ſo, away:

Others ſtay *Dinner*, and depart full fed;
The deepeſt Age but *ſups*, and goes to bed:
Hee's moſt in debt, that lingers out the *Day*;
Who dyes betimes, has leſſe; and leſſe to pay.

70.

On Gods Image.

IT was a *dainty piece*! In every part,
Drawn to the life, and full of curious Art:
It was as like thee as a *ſhadow* could
Be like a *ſubſtance*; There was none but would
Have known thee by't: There needed then no name,
No golden *Characters*, that might proclame
Whoſe *Picture* 'twas: the Art was ſo divine
That very Beaſts did reverence, as thine:
But now, alas, 'tis blurr'd: the beſt that we
Or they can judge, is this, 'twas made for thee:
Alas, 'tis faded, ſoyl'd with hourely duſt,
Sullyed, and ſhadow'd with the ſmoak of *Luſt*;
So ſwarthy as if that glorious face of thine
Were tawned underneath the *torrid Line*:
How is thy *Picture* altred! How ill us'd
By our neglects! how ſlubberd! how abus'd!
Her Cedar *Frame's* disjoynted, warp'd and broke;
Her curious *Tablet's* tainted with the ſmoke:
The object's both offenſive, and the ſavour;
Retaining neither *Beauty*, nor thy *Favour*.
Lord, let not thy diſpleaſed eye forſake
Thy *handy-worke*; for the bad keepers ſake:
Behold it ſtill; and what thou ſeeſt amiſſe,
Paſſe by: Think what it was; not what it is:

What

What though her beauty and her colours fade?
Remember; O, 'twas like thee when 'twas made.
There is a great *Apelles* that can lim
With thy own *Pencill*; we have fought to *Him*:
His skilfull hand will waſh off all the ſoyle,
And cleanſe thy Picture with his ſacred Oyle:
Hee'l mak'e more faire then 'twas; at leaſt, the ſame;
Hee'l mend the *Tablet*, and renew the *Frame*:
Till then; be pleas'd to let thy Picture be
Acknowledg'd *thine*: 'Twas made for none but *thee*.

71.
On the Penny.

HE that endur'd the tyranny of *Heat*;
The *Morning*-ſorrowes, and the *Midday*-ſweat;
The *Evening*-toyle, and *burthen* of the *Day*,
Had but his promis'd *Penny* for his pay:
Others, that loyter'd all the *Morning*; ſtood
I'th'idle *Market*, whoſe unpractis'd blood
Scarce felt the warmth of labour, nor could ſhow
A *bluſh* of Action, had his penny too.
What *Wages* can we merit, as our own?
Slaves that are *bought* with *price*, can challenge none,
But only *Stripes*: alas, if Servants could
Doe more, then bid, they doe but what they ſhould;
When man endeavours, and where heav'n engages
Himſelfe by promiſe, they are *Gifts*, not *Wages*,
He muſt expect: We muſt not look *t'obtaine*
Becauſe we *Run*; Nor doe we *run* in vaine:
Our Running ſhowes th'effect, produces none:
The *Penny's* giv'n alike to every one,

That

That works i'th' *Vineyard*: Equall *prise* was shar'd
T' unequall *workers*; Therefore no *Reward*:
Lord, set my hands a *worke*: I will not serve
For *Wages*, lest thou give what I *deserve*.

72.
On a Christian.

THe Generous *Christian* must as well improve
I'th' quality of the *Serpent*, as the *Dove*;
He must be *Innocent*; affraid, to doe
A wrong; And *crafty*, to prevent it too:
They must be mixt, and temper'd with true love;
An *Ounce* of Serpent, serves a *Pound* of Dove.

73.
On Gods bounty.

GOd freely gives; as freely we receive;
It is not, *Doe*; but *Aske, and thou shalt have.*

74.
On sinnes.

MY Sins are like to *Mountaines*, that arise
Above the *clouds*, & threat the *threatning skies*:
Lord, give me *Faith*; and let that Faith be prov'd,
In leaving not a *Mountaine* unremov'd.

75.
On the life of Man.

A *Thouſand* yeares, with God (the Scriptures ſay)
Are reckon'd but a *Day*;
By which accompt, this meaſur'd Life of our
Exceeds not much an *houre*;
The halfe whereof Nature does claime and keep
As her own debt for ſleep:
A full *ſixt part* of what remaines, we riot
In more then needfull Diet:
Our *Infancy*, our *Child-hood*, and the moſt
Of our *green youth* is loſt:
The *little* that is left, we thus divide;
One *part* to cloath our Pride;
Another ſhare we laviſhly deboyſe
To *vaine*, or *ſinfull* joyes;
If then, at moſt, the meaſur'd life of Man
Be counted but a *ſpan*,
Being half'd and quarter'd, and diſquarter'd thus,
What, what remaines for us?
Lord, if the *Total* of our dayes doe come
To ſo-ſo poore a *ſumme*;
And if our ſhares, ſo ſmall, ſo nothing be,
Our of that *Nothing*, what remaines to *Thee*?

76.
On the Childrens Bread.

THy ſtrengthning *Graces* are the *Childrens Bread*,
Which makes thy *thriving childre* ſtrong & able:
Honour,

Honour, and Riches are the *Crummes* that feed
The *Dogges* that lurk beneath their *Masters* Table:
Lord, if thy gracious pleasure will allow
But *Bread*, I'am sure I shall have *Crummes* enow.

77.
On Trust and Care.

OUr *Trust* in God, for Riches, neither must
Exclude our Care; nor Care *exceed* our Trust.

78.
On RVSCVS.

ILliterate *Ruscus* heard *Pedantius* preach;
Admir'd the *Church-mans* learning, & commended
Such things alone, that were above his Reach;
But meanly slighted what he apprehended:
What hinders then to think that *Ruscus* hath
At least the twy-light of a *Bastard Faith?*

79.
On the receiving of the Lords Supper.

MEn take the Sacred *Seales* of their Salvation,
As some doe Physick, not for *health*, but *fashion.*
The Day preceding, and the following Day,
There's none so strict; none so reform'd as they:
They curb the fury of their wanton *Ryot*,
And call their Surfets to a stricter *Dyet:*
The time expir'd, the first Assault that haps,
Prevailes, and strikes them to a worse *Relapse*;

Like

Dike Dogs to *vomits* they return agin,
As though they'ad paſt a *Patent* now to ſin:
Let ſuch *Day-Chriſtians*, on the very top
Of all their mirth, remember *Judas Sop*.

80.

On Faith.

TH'oft ſhaken *Tree* growes faſter at the root;
And *faith's* moſt firm, that ſometime's urg'd with (*Doubt*.

II.

On the Story of Man.

THe *word* was ſpoke; And what was *Nothing*, muſt
Be made a *Chaos* of confuſed *Duſt*:
The *word* was ſpoke: The *Duſt* began to thicken
To a firm Clay: The *Clay* began to quicken:
The groſſer ſubſtance of that *Clay* thought good
To turn to *Fleſh*: The moyſter turn'd to *Blood*:
Received *Organs*: and thoſe Organs, *Senſe*;
It was imbelliſht with the Excellence
Of *Reaſon*: It became the *Height* of *Nature*,
Being *ſtampt* with th'Image of the great Creator:
But, Lord, that glorious *Image* is defac'd:
Her Beauty's *blaſted*, and her Tablet's *raz'd*:
This Height of Nature has committed *Treaſon*
Againſt it ſelfe: declin'd both *Senſe* and *Reaſon*;
Meere *Fleſh* and *Blood*, containing but a *Day*
Of painted Pleaſure, and but *breathing Clay*:

Whose Moysture, dry'd with his own sorrow, must
Resolve, and leave him to his former *Dust*;
Which Dust, the utter object of our loathing,
Small time consumes, & brings to his first *Nothing*:
Thus, from this *Nothing*, from this *Dust*, began
This *Something*, turn'd to Dust, to *Nothing*; Man.

82.
On Ananias.

THe *land* was his: The *land* was his alone;
'Twas sold, and now the *money* was his owne:
The power remain'd in the *Possessors* hand,
To keepe his *money*, or have kept his *land*:
But once devoted to the *Churches good*,
And then conceal'd, it cost his *life*, his *blood*:
If those that give may not resume agin,
Without a *Punishment*, without a *Sin*,
What shall become of those whose unjust power
Dispoyles the *widowed* Temple of her *Dower*?
Who take her Profits, and in stead of giving
Encrease to her revenues, make a living
Upon her *Ruines*, growing plump and full
Upon her *Wants*, being cloathed in her *Wooll*;
While she sustaines th'extremes of cold and hunger,
To pamper up the fat *Advouson monger*;
Who thrust their *Flesh-hookes* in their thrifty Pot,
And only leave her what they value not:
The whilst her sacred *Priests*, that daily tread
Their slighted *Corn*, must beg their early *Bread*;
Or else, be forc'd to purchase easie shares
With the deare *price* of their ungranted *Prayers*?

Let

Let ſuch turn back their ſacrilegious eyes,
And ſee how breathleſſe *Ananias* lyes:
Behold the Wages that his ſin procures,
That was a *Mole-hill*, to theſe *Alpes* of yours:
He tooke not from the *Church*: Did but conceale
Some parts he gave; But your falſe fingers ſteale
Her main *Inheritance* her own *Poſſeſſion*;
His was but bare *deceipt*, yours bold *Oppreſſion*:
O, if no leſſe then the *firſt death* was due
To him, what *death* d'ye think's prepar'd for you?
So often as your pamper'd eyes ſhall looke
On your Eſtates, thinke on the *Flying booke*.

83.
On pious Vſes.

THey that, in life, oppreſſe, and then bequeath
Their goods to *pious Vſes* at their death,
Are like thoſe Drunkards, being laid to ſleep,
That *belch* and *vomit* what they cannot *keep*:
To Gods and Mans acceptance, I preſume,
Their ſeverall Actions ſend the like *perfume*.

84.
On Sophronia.

THe chaſte *Sophronia* knowes not how to ſcape
Th'inevitable danger of a *Rape*;
Cruell *Sophronia* drawes her haſty knife,
And would relieve her Chaſtity with *life*:
Doubtfull *Sophronia* knowes not what to doe,
Shee cannot keepe the *one*, and *t'other* too:

Sophronia's in a ſtrait; One eye is fixt
O'th' *ſeventh* Command'ment; t'other, on the *ſixt.*
To what Extreames is poore *Sophronia* driven!
Is not *Sophronia* left at *Six* and *Seven?*

85.

On the knowing Man.

HEe's like a *luſty Soyle*, whoſe *Moyſture* feeds,
If not a world of *Corne*, a world of *Weeds.*

86.

On Romes Pardon.

IF *Rome* could *pardon* ſins, as *Romans* hold,
And if ſuch *Pardons* might be bought for *Gold*,
An eaſie Judgement might determine which
To chooſe; To be *Religious*, or elſe *Rich*:
Nay *Rome* does *pardon*: *Pardons* may be ſold;
Wee'l ſearch no *Scriptures*, but the *Mines*, for Gold.

87.

On the World.

THe *world*, compos'd of *heav'n* & *earth*, 's the ſtory
Of Gods *Eternall*, and Mans *Temp'rall Glory.*

Men

88.

On formall Devotion.

MEn doe God Service with the ſame devotion,
As the foule Body takes his loathed *Potion*;
They ſtay and ſtay; then gulp it down in haſt,
Not for the *pleaſure*, but to have it *paſt*:
Whoſe *druggy* Taſt goes ſo againſt their minde,
That, oft, the better part is left behinde;
And what is taken, 's taken but in vaine,
It either *works not*, or *comes up* againe.

89.

On heavenly Manna.

O What a world of heav'nly *Manna* falls
Within the Circuit of our happy *Walls*!
With how great *Joy* would neighb'ring *lands* receive
The Fragments of thoſe *Fragments*, we leave!
Our furniſht *Markets* flouriſh all the yeare:
We need no *Ephahs*, nor yet *Omers* here:
We take, unmeaſur'd, from the bounteous heap;
Thanks never were ſo *deare*: nor that, ſo *cheap*:
We never hoard, but toſſe from hand to hand,
As if that *Famine* had forſworn the Land;
Our ſatiate ſtomacks are ſo laviſh fed,
That we even ſleight, and wanton without *Bread*:
Ah Lord! I feare when careleſſe children play
With their ſpoyl'd *Bread*, 'tis time to take *away*.

90.

On naturall Sinnes.

TO murther *Parents*, or our ſelves, has bin,
Though falſly, counted an *unnaturall Sin*:
By *Nature*, we are apt to fall into't;
I rather think 'tunnaturall *not to doe't*:
If heav'n ſhould but forſake us, 'twere agin
The very courſe of Nature, *not to ſin*.

91.

On the Arke.

IF *Floods* of Teares ſhould drown my *world* of Sin,
Alas, my floating Arke retaines within,
A curſed *Cham* to ſtore the *World* agin:
What then? ſo long as holy *Sem* vouchſafeth
But to divide a Tent with baſhfull *Iapheth*.

92.

On Sophronia.

Sophronia chooſes rather to commit
Selfe-murther, then by violence, to ſubmit
Her ventur'd honour to th'injurious truſt
Of the *eye-ſparkling* Tyrants furious *Luſt*:
What means *Sophronia*? Dare her conſcience frame,
To act a *Sin*, but to prevent a *Shame*?

Look

93.
On a faire Prospect.

Looke up; And there, I see the faire abode
And glorious *Mansion* of my gracious God:
Look down; In ev'ry garnisht corner lyes
Favours objected to my wondring eyes;
Look on my right hand; There, the sweet encrease
Of Joyes present me with a joyfull *Peace:*
Look on my left hand; There, my Fathers *Rod*
Sublimes my knowledge, from my selfe, to God:
Look forward; There, I see the lively Story
Of *Faiths* improvement, and of future *Glory:*
Look backward; There, my thankfull eye is cast
On *Sins* remitted, and on *Dangers* past:
Look inwards; And mine eye is made partaker
Of the faire Image of my glorious *Maker:*
Look up, or *downe*; *About*, *above*, or *under*;
Nothing but Objects of true *Love* and *wonder.*

94.
A resolution.

IF thou hast giv'n me *Wealth*, great God I crave
Content; and Grace to *have* the goods I have;
If otherwise; thy will be done: I crave not
So much, to *have*, as use the goods *I have not*;
Lord, make me *Thine:* And then I shall appeare,
If not thy *Almner*, yet thy *Bedsman*, here.

Earth's

95.

On the worlds Welcome.

EArths Entertainments are like those of *Iael*,
Her left hand brings *me Milk*; Her right, a *nayle*.

96.

On our Meditation upon God.

WHen thy ambitious *knowledge* would attempt
So *high a Taske* as God, she must exempt
All carnall *sense*; Thy *Reason* must release
Her *pow'r*; Thy *Fancie* must be bound to th' peace;
Thy *Spirits* must be rapt; they must exile
Thy *flesh*, and keep a *Sabbath* for a while;
Thou must *forget* thy selfe, and take strong *Bands*
Of thy own thoughts, and shake eternall hands
With thy rebellious *Lusts*; discard and cleare
Thy heart of all *Idea's*; Then, with *Feare*,
And holy *Reverence*, thou must think of *One*,
As though he were not to be thought upon:
Conceive a *Spirituall*, a *most perfect* Beeing,
Pure, *simple*; At the selfe-same instant, seeing
Things Present, Past, and Future; One whose *Might*,
Whose *Wisdome*, *Iustice*, *Mercy*, (in a height
Above *Exceeding*) is *Himselfe*, being Great
Without a *Quantity*, and most Compleat
Without *Degrees*; Eternall without *space*
Of time: At all times Present, without *Place*;
Think thus: And whē thy *thoughts* can *sore* no higher,
Stay there, Stand humbly *silent*, and *admire*.

He

97.
On Faith.

HE that wants *Faith*, and apprehends a *Griefe*
Becauſe he wants it, hath a true *Beliefe*:
And he that grieves, becauſe his *griefe* is ſo ſmall,
H'as a *true Griefe*, and the *beſt Faith* of all.

98.
On Mans Folly.

IDeots, and Senſe-bound *Lunaticks* diſcern
'Twixt *Salt* and *Sugar*; very *Babes* will learn
To know a *Counter* from the currant *Coyne*;
Brute *Beaſts*, by *Inſtinct* of Nature, will decline
Th'alluring *Bait*, and ſenſe-beguiling *Snare*;
Though that ſeem ne'r ſo *ſweet*; this, ne'r ſo *faire*:
Yet *Man*, heav'ns greateſt *Maſter-piece* will chuſe,
What *Fooles*, and *Madmen*, *Beaſts*, and *Babes* refuſe:
Delights in dangerous *Pleaſures*, and beneath
The name of *Ioyes*, pleaſes himſelf to *death*.

99.
On Glory.

THat *Saint*, in Heav'n, whoſe *Glory* is the leaſt,
Has ev'n as perfect *Glory*, as the beſt:
There's no *Degrees*, but in a finite Treaſure:
No difference 'twixt *Pauls* glory & *mine*, but *meaſure*.

95.

On the worlds Welcome.

EArths Entertainments are like those of *Iael*,
Her left hand brings *me Milk*; Her right, a *nayle*.

96.

On our Meditation upon God.

WHen thy ambitious *knowledge* would attempt
So *high a Taske* as God, she must exempt
All carnall *sense*; Thy *Reason* must release
Her *pow'r*; Thy *Fancie* must be bound to th' peace;
Thy *Spirits* must be rapt; they must exile
Thy *flesh*, and keep a *Sabbath* for a while;
Thou must *forget* thy selfe, and take strong *Bands*
Of thy own thoughts, and shake eternall hands
With thy rebellious *Lusts*; discard and cleare
Thy heart of all *Idea's*; Then, with *Feare*,
And holy *Reverence*, thou must think of *One*,
As though he were not to be thought upon:
Conceive a *Spirituall*, a *most perfect* Beeing,
Pure, *simple*; At the selfe-same instant, seeing
Things Present, Past, and Future; One whose *Might*,
Whose *Wisdome*, *Iustice*, *Mercy*, (in a height
Above *Exceeding*) is *Himselfe*, being Great
Without a *Quantity*, and most Compleat
Without *Degrees*; Eternall without *space*
Of time: At all times Present, without *Place*;
Think thus: And whē thy *thoughts* can *sore* no higher,
Stay there, Stand humbly *silent*, and *admire*.

He

97.
On Faith.

HE that wants *Faith*, and apprehends a *Griefe*
Because he wants it, hath a true *Beliefe*:
And he that grieves, because his *griefe's* so small,
H'as a *true Griefe*, and the *best Faith* of all.

98.
On Mans Folly.

Ideots, and Sense-bound *Lunaticks* discern
'Twixt *Salt* and *Sugar*; very *Babes* will learn
To know a *Counter* from the currant *Coyne*;
Brute *Beasts*, by *Instinct* of Nature, will decline
Th'alluring *Bait*, and sense-beguiling *Snare*;
Though that seem ne'r so *sweet*; this, ne'r so *faire*:
Yet *Man*, heav'ns greatest *Master-piece* will chuse,
What *Fooles*, and *Madmen*, *Beasts*, and *Babes* refuse:
Delights in dangerous *Pleasures*, and beneath
The name of *Ioyes*, pleases himself to *death*.

99.
On Glory.

THat *Saint*, in Heav'n, whose *Glory* is the least,
Has ev'n as perfect *Glory*, as the best:
There's no *Degrees*, but in a finite Treasure:
No difference twixt *Pauls* glory & *mine*, but *measure*.

100.

On Reward.

WHen holy *Scriptures* mention the *Rewarding*
Of *works*, we read not, *For*, but ſtil *According*.

The end of the third *Booke*.

DIVINE

DIVINE FANCIES.

The fourth Booke.

1.

A Good Morrow.

THis *day*: Unfold thine Armes; Arise,
and rouze
Thy leaden Spirits, and pay
thy Morning *Vowes*;
Send up thy *Incense*; Let her early smoke
Renew that League thy very dreames have broke;
Then may'st thou *work* or *play*; Nothing shall be
Displeasing to thy God, that pleases thee.

2.

A good Night.

CLoſe now thine eyes, and reſt ſecure;
Thy *Soule* is ſafe enough; thy *Body* ſure;
He that loves thee, he that keeps
And guards thee, never ſlumbers, never ſleeps.
The ſmiling Conſcience in a ſleeping breſt
Has only peace, has only reſt:
The muſick and the mirth of Kings
Are all but very *Diſcords*, when ſhe ſings:
Then cloſe thine Eyes and reſt ſecure;
No ſleep ſo ſweet as thine, no reſt ſo ſure.

On a Printing-Houſe.

THe *world's a Printing-Houſe*: our *words*, our *thoughts*,
Our *deeds*, are *Characters* of ſev'rall ſizes:
Each *Soule* is a *Compoſter*; of whoſe faults
The Levits are *Correctors*: Heav'n reviſes;
Death is the *common Preſs*; from whence, being drivē,
W'are gathered *Sheet* by *Sheet*; & bound for *Heaven*.

4.

A Dialogue between GABRIEL *and* MARY.

GABRIEL.

HAile bleſſed *Mary*: MA. What celeſtiall tongue
Calls ſinfull *Mary* bleſſed? GAB. It is I:

MA.

Ma. Who art thou? Ga. I am *Gabriel* that belong
To the high Quire of Heaven: Ma. I faint, I dye.
Ga. Feare not ſweet *Virgin*; all the *Earth* ſhall be
Made debters to thy *Wombe*, and bleſt in Thee. (*Son*
Ma. How Lord? Ga. Thy *Virgin Wombe* ſhall beare a
That ſhall *redeem* the world. Ma. My *Lord*, how can
Such wonders come to paſſe; ſuch things be done
By a poore *Virgin*, never known by Man?
Ga. The *holy Ghoſt*, at his appointed howre,
Shall make thee pregnant by his ſacred powre:
Ma. *Wonder* of wonders! Ga. At whoſe *height* the
Of *heav'n* ſtand raviſht, tremble, and admire. (*Quire*
Ma. O may it be according to thy Word:
Ga. Before that twice five Moones compleated be
Thou ſhalt be knowne the *Mother* of our Lord,
And thou ſhalt dance thy Saviour on thy knee.
Ma. Both *heav'n* & *earth* ſhall triumph, & the *frame*
Of hell ſhall tremble at *Maria's* name:
Ga. All *Ages* paſt, and preſent, and to come,
Shall joy in *Mary*, and in *Marie's* wombe.

5.

On Rhemus.

IF Heav'n would pleaſe to purge thy *Soule* as well
As Rome thy *purſe*, thou needſt not feare a Hell.

6.

On the Life of Man.

MAns day's a *Song*, compos'd by th'great *Muſition*,
Full of harmonious *Ayres* and dainty choyce;

But spoyld with *Discords*, and too much *Division*;
Abus'd and lost for want of *skill*, and *voyce*:
We misse our *Rests*, and we neglect our *Graces*;
Our life the *Treble*, and our death the *Base* is.

7.
On Mary.

FOure *Marye's* are eterniz'd for their worth;
Our *Saviour* found out *three*, our *Charls*, the *fourth*.

8.
On the Church.

LEt not thy *blackness* move thee to despaire,
Black Women are belov'd of men that's faire:
What if thy haire, her flaxen brightnesse lack?
Thy *face* is comely, though thy *Brow* be black.

9.
On the two Essences.

GOds sacred *Essence* represents the bright
And glorious body of the greater light:
'Tis perfect; hath a *Being* of her own,
Giving to all, receiving light from none:
Mans *Essence* represents the borrowed light
And feeble luster of the Lampe of night:
Her *Rayes* are faint, and her Reflection thin,
Distain'd with nat'rall blemishes within;
Inconstant, various; having, of her owne,
No light at all; or light, as good as none:

When

When too much earth ſhall interpoſe, and ſlips
Betwixt theſe Lights, our ſoules are in th' *Eclips.*

10.
On our Saviours Paſſion.

THe earth did tremble; and heav'ns cloſed eye
Was loth to ſee the *Lord of Glory* dye;
The Skyes were clad in mourning, and the Spheares
Forgot their *harmony*; The clouds dropt *teares*:
Th'ambitious Dead aroſe to give him roome;
And ev'ry Grave did gape to be his *Tombe*;
Th'affrighted heav'ns ſent down elegious *Thunder*;
The *Worlds Foundation* loos'd, to loſe their *Founder*;
Th'impatient *Temple* rent her *Vaile* in two,
To teach our hearts what our ſad hearts ſhould doe:
Shall ſenſleſſe things doe this, and ſhall not I
Melt one poore drop to ſee my Saviour dye?
Drill forth my Teares; and trickle one by one,
Till you have peirc'd this *heart* of mine, this *Stone.*

11.
On Peter.

VVHat luck had *Peter!* For he took a Fiſh
That ſtor'd his *purſe*, as well as fill'd his *diſh*;
Whoſe bounty did *enrich*, as well as feed him;
But they are better *Fiſhers* that ſucceed him:
He catcht by chance: *Theſe* catch the like by skill:
He catcht but *once*: *Theſe* catch them when they will:
They caſt their Angles into better *Seas*;
Their baits are only for ſuch *Fiſh* as theſe:

Brave

Brave ſport, and full of curious pleaſure! *Come,*
There is no Fiſhing to the Sea —— of Rome.

12.

On Herodias.

I'Le tell thee, *Light-skirts*, whoſoever taught
Thy feet to dance, thy dancing had a Fault:
Thou'lt find it deare, *Herodias*, if thou do'ſt
Compare thy *pen-worth* with the *price* it coſt.

13.

On Faith and Hope.

HOw much the ſtronger *Hopes* on life relye,
So much the weaker is my *Faith*, to dye.

64.

On Water and Wine.

THe happy diff'rence and ſweet change of life,
When a chaſt *Virgin* turnes a loyall *Wife*,
Our bleſſed Lord, in *Cana* did divine,
And turn'd cold *Water* into luſty *Wine*.

VV

15.

On Age.

HOw *freſh blood* dotes! O how *green Youth* delires!
It moſt diſdaines the *thing* it moſt deſires.

16.
On a Fig-tree.

A Chriſtian's like a *Fig-tree*, that does beare
Fruit, green, or ripe, or bloſſomes all the yeare:
No wonder then, our Saviour curſt that Tree;
Fig-trees are alwaies dead, where no Figs be.

17.
On Rhemus.

R*Hemus*, upon a time I heard thee tell,
A *Wall* divideth Purgatory and Hell;
And that a gold-bought *Maſſe* will cleare th'offence
That brought us thither, and redeem us thence:
Ah *Rhemus*, what demented Soule would ſpare
To ruine Wife, or to diſ-land an Heire,
Rather then feele ſuch torments, you pretend,
That equall Hell in all but *time* and *end*?
Ah *Rhemus*, if the power of gold be ſuch,
How dare you be ſo bold to die ſo rich!

18.
On Jacob.

NE're boaſt thy *Bargain*, *Iacob*; For poore wee
Have made a better contract far, then thee:
We envy not his Land thou didſt inherit;
Our Brother tooke our *Fleſh*; gave us his *Spirit*.

19.

On Simon Magus.

Simon, bring Gold enough; and I will tell thee,
Where thou ſhalt *buy* what *Peter* would not *ſell*.
Repaire to his *Succeſſors*; They are free (*thee*:
And frolick *Gameſters*; not ſo ſtrict as hee:
Nay, if thy Gold be weake, they will not ſtand
To ſell good Pen'worths at the *ſecond hand*:
They'l ſell good cheap, but they'l not give to any;
No *Pater noſter* where there is no *Penny*:
No, if thy purſe be like an empty *ſhell*,
They will not *give*, what *Peter* would not *ſell*.

20.

On the Biſhop of Rome.

ADmit, great Prelat, that thou wert that *Rock*
Whereon the *Church* was founded, couldſt *unlock*
The *gates* of heav'n; and, with thy *golden Key*,
Make hell thy *Priſ'ner*, and the Fiends obey;
Thy Papall dignity would far be greater,
If thou wert *Simon*, but as well as *Peter*.

21.

On Milo.

DO; ſtrive to enter *Milo*, though the Gate
Be narrow, and the rugged paſſage ſtrait;
Leſſen thy ſelfe, and faſt thy carkaſs thin;
Take in thy *fleſh*, 'twill get thee eaſier in:

Look

Look up to heav'n, 'twill raiſe thy body uprighter;
Give lib'ral *almes*, 'twill make thee tread the lighter:
Sweat forth thy baſe corruptions, and inherit
Thy promis'd *Crowne*, halfe loſt for want of ſpirit;
Let not thy daſtard, and dull thoughts diſdain
Thoſe works which cold *deſpaire* miſtakes, as vain;
Take heed; let not thy queazie Soule repine
Againſt thoſe *Actions* which are none of thine:
Heav'n bids thee ſhine; what if thy *Rayes* be dim?
Doe thou thy beſt; leave the ſucceſſe to him:
Follow thy *Worke*; And when thy Soule ſhall be
Gather'd from hence, thy *Works* ſhall follow thee.

22.

On Rome.

Good Works abound in *Rome*: 'Tis well they doe,
'Tis the beſt ſtring they challenge to their Bow:
But ev'ry Hee's no *Monke*, that weares a hood;
'Tis well, if they'r well done, as well as good:
When wandring Paſſengers have loſt their way,
No ſort of men that ride ſo faſt as they.

23.

On three dayes and nights.

THou know'ſt our dying Saviour did repoſe
On *Friday*; On the *Sabbath*, he aroſe;
Tell me, by what account can he be ſaid
To lodge *three dayes and nights* among the dead?
He dyde for all the World: what wanted here,
Was full ſupply'd in t'other *Hemiſphere*.

24.

On Tobits *Dog.*

WHat luck had *Tobits Dog*! what *grace*! what *glo-*
Thus to be Kenell'd in the Eternall *Story*! (*ry*
Untill th' *Apocrypha* and *Scripture* ſever,
The mem'ry of *Tobits dog* ſhall live for ever.

25.

On the Goſpel.

WHen two *Evangeliſts* ſhall ſeem to vary
In one diſcourſe, they'r *divers*, not *contrary*;
One truth doth guide them both; One ſpirit doth
Direct them; doubt not, to beleeve them both.

26.

On Servio.

SErvio, 'Tis ſcarcely worth thy pains, to ſmother
Or to ſubdue one Sin, and hug another:
Beleeve it *Servio*, he that is in thrall
To one, is a potentiall *Slave* to all.

27.

On Formio.

FOrmio will keep the *Sabbath*, read and pray,
His lips are ſeal'd from oaths upon that day;
Formio is clad in black, and will abſent
His fleſhly thoughts, this holy time of *Lent*.

Thinkſt

Think'ſt thou that *Formio's* ſhaking hands with Sin?
No, 'tis but giving hands to meet agin.

28.

On John *and* Jeſus.

I*John* was the *Morning ſtar* that did fore-run
The long wiſht riſing of our Glorious *Sun*:
The firſt word that *Iohns* preaching lips expreſſed
Was this, *Repent*: Our Saviours firſt, was *Bleſſed*:
Iohn makes th'inciſion; *Ieſus* makes it ſound;
Ieſus ne'r cures, where *Iohn* ne'r made a wound.

29.

On diſpoſſeſſing.

WE read, A broyled Fiſhes *heart* will ſcare
A frighted Devill from a troubled breſt:
We read again, By *Faſting*, and by *Pray'r*
The fierce *Demoniack's* only diſpoſſeſt:
What this affirmes, that flatly does deny;
With reverence to the Text, *The t'one's a lie.*

30.

On Herodias.

I Have a young *Herodias* lives within me,
That never leaves to *dance* untill ſhe win me
To grant her Suit; will never ceaſe to plead
Untill I give her my *Iohn Baptiſts* head:
O then my ſorrow would be paſt her date,
And I, like *Herod*, ſhould repent too late.

31.
On Malfido.

Satans Injections are like Weeds that fall
Into thy Garden, darted or'e the Wall,
Whose loathsome smell unsent thy sweeter *flow'rs*;
But grow not there, unlesse we make them ours:
They'l die neglected; If thou lend them room,
They'l stink; But eas'ly thrown from whence they come:
Feare not, *Malfido*; those be they that spoyle
Thy Flow'rs, that suck their *substance* from the soyle.

32.
On Slanders.

WHen undeserv'd report distains my name,
It *shames* not, but perchance prevents a *shame*.

33.
On Law and Gospel.

THe *Law* is rough; the *Gospel* milde and calm;
That lanc'd the *Bile*; & this powres in the *Balm*.

34.
On a Bosome sinne.

THat *sin* that findes more *credit* then the rest,
That is thy *Darling*, leanes upon thy *brest*;
That, in the *Bosome* of thy heart does lie;
That dips within thy *dish*, Sayes, *Is it I?*

That

That gives thee *kisses*, that's the *sin* that slayes thee,
O that, O that's the *Iudas* that betrayes thee.

35.
On the World.

THe World's a *Booke*, writ by th'eternall *Art*
Of the great Maker, *printed* in Mans heart;
Tis falsely *printed*, though divinely *pend*,
And all th'*Errata* will appeare at th'*end*.

36.
On my Soule.

MY weather-beaten Soule long time has bin
Becalm'd, and tiding in the *Sea* of Sin;
But now afflictions *storme* does drive and tosse
Her batter'd *Keele*: The wind is loud and crosse:
Feare fills her tatter'd *sailes*, and *doubts* do drive her,
She knowes not where; and of all hopes deprive her:
Thus, thus transported by the troubled Aire
Amongst the swallowing *Quick-sands* of despaire,
If not prevented by a greater power,
She lookes for *wreck* and *ruine* ev'ry hower;
O, that mine eyes could rain a *showre* of Teares!
That, that would lay the *storme* of all my Feares.

37.
On the Cuckoe.

THe idle *Cuckoe*, having made a Feast (Nest;
On Sparrowes Eggs, layes down her own i'th'

The

The ſilly Bird ſhe ownes it, hatches, feeds it;
Protects it from the weather, clocks and breeds it;
It neither wants repoſe nor yet repaſt,
And joyes to ſee her *Chicken* thrive ſo faſt:
But when this gaping Monſter has found ſtrength
To ſhift without a helper, ſhee at length
Not caring for that tender care that bred her,
Forgets her parent, kills the *Bird* that fed her:
The *ſin* we foſter in our boſome, thus
Ere we have left to feed it, feeds on us.

38.
On Tobit.

WAs it not time to ſend his ſon to *Rages*,
For mony, whē his *wife* ſpun hard for *wages*?
Was't not high time for him to poſt away,
That for an *Angel* paid a *Groat* a day?

39.
On David.

WHo ever ſung ſo high, ſo rapt an *Io*
As *David*, prompted by heroick *Clio*?
But when thy more divine *Vrania* ſung,
What glorious Angel had ſo ſweet a tongue?
But when *Melpomene* began to ſing,
Each word's a *Rapture*, or ſome *higher thing*:
Sweet were thy *triumphs*; ſweet thoſe *joyes* of thine;
O, but thy *Teares* were more then moſt *Divine*.

Seeſt

40.

On a Monument.

SEeſt thou that *Mon'ment?* Doſt thou ſee how Art
Does poliſh nature to adorne each part
Of that rare Worke, whoſe glorious Fabrick may
Commend her duty to an after day?
Is't not a dainty Peece? and apt to raiſe
A rare advantage to the Makers praiſe?
But knowſt thou what this dainty Peece encloſes?
Beneath this glorious *Marble* there repoſes
A noiſome putrid Carkaſs, halfe devour'd
By crawling *Canibals*, diſguis'd, deflour'd
With loath'd Corruption, whoſe conſuming ſent
Would poiſon thoughts, although it have no vent:
Ev'n ſuch a *Peece* art thou, who ere thou be
That readſt theſe Lines: This *Monument* is *Thee:*
Thy Body is a Fabrick, wherein nature
And Art conſpire to heighten up a creature
To ſome Perfection, being a living Story
And rare *abridgement* of his Makers glory;
But full of loathſome *Filth*, and naſty *mire*
Of luſt, uncurb'd Affections, baſe deſire;
Curious without, but moſt corrupt within,
A glorious *Monument* of inglorious *ſin.*

41.

On Plauſus.

PLauſus has built a *Church:* And leſt his Glory
Should die, has boaſted his vain-glorious Story

Upon the painted *Wall*, and built to Fame
A large *Memoriall* of his doubtfull Name:
Plausus, tis bravely done; Thy deeds make known
Thou either seekst *Gods* glory, or thy *own*.

42.

On Censorio.

THou blam'st the *Age*, cõdemns the *daies* of *crimes*,
If thou wouldst mend thy *Faults*, 'twould mend (the *Times*.

43.

On fooles of both kindes.

SOme scorn the Crosse, whilst others *fall before it*:
Some *sit* and take the Bread, and some *adore it*:
Some are too *bold*, and others too too *nice*:
Fooles act a Sin, whilst they decline a Vice.

44.

On the name of JESVS.

IT is the common course of man to double
The Name of *Iesus* in the time of trouble.
The Name of *Lord* is not a style to please us;
Iesu's no Lord with us; if *Lord*, no *Iesus*.

How

45.

On the Woman with the Issue.

HOw could thy Soule, fond Woman, be assur'd
Thy long disease could be so eas'ly cur'd?
What? couldst thou think the *touch* of *cloth* was good
To dry the Fountaine of thy flowing Blood?
Or was't because our blessed Saviour wore it?
Or why, I read not, that thou didst adore it:
He nere so much as own'd thee, Woman: Sure,
Thy *Faith*, and not his *Garments* wrought the Cure.

46.

On our Redemption.

WE were created at a *Word*, a *Breath*;
Redeemed with no less then *Blood* & *Death*:
How much a greater labour is it, than,
To *wash* a Sinner, then to *make* a Man!

47.

On Gods Arme.

TWas not, that he was *weake*; or thou so *strong*;
He *dy'd* so soon, or that thou *liv'st* so long:
The head-strong Oxe is haled to the slaughter,
When the poore *worm* crawls many a *Summer* after:
When Heav'ns victorious *arm* shall please to strike,
The *Giant* and the *Pigmey* are alike.

48.

On our Blessed Saviour.

O Thou that wert the *King* of heav'n and earth,
How poorely wert thou attended at thy Birth!
A Manger was thy *Cradle*, and a Stable
Thy *Privy Chamber*, *Marie's* knees thy *Table*;
Theeves were thy *Courtiers*, & the cross, thy *Throne*;
Thy *Dyet*, Gall; A wreath of Thornes thy *Crowne*;
All this, the King of Glory endur'd, and more,
To make us *Kings* that were but *slaves* before.

49.

On Corduplo.

KEepe in thy *Actions*, and maintain thy *Fences*
Of thy clos'd lips, *Corduplo*, and thy *Senses*;
Thou shalt deceive both Man and Devill too,
And mayest be damn'd, and yet they never know;
The Devils power of knowledge never delves
Into our hearts, till we proclaime our selves.

50.

On Dreames.

WHo dreames a *sin*, and not his dreames forbid it
An entertainment, sins, as if he did it;
Which if thy slumbering Soule could not prevent,
Th'art safe, if thou hast dream'd thou didst *repent*.

How

51.
On Adam.

HOw ſoon, poore *Adam*, was thy *Freedome* loſt!
Forfeit to death ere thou hadſt time to boaſt;
Before thy Triumph was thy Glory done,
Betwixt a *riſing* and a *ſetting* Sun:
How ſoon that ends, that ſhould have ended never!
Thine eyes ne'r ſlept, untill they ſlept for ever.

52.
On Sinnes and Bleſſings.

WE write thy *common bleſſings*, Lord, upon
A ſliding ſtream; no ſooner writ, but gon:
Thy more illuſtrious Favours we entruſt
To the dry Sand, defac'd with ev'ry Guſt:
But, Lord, our Scrowle of *ſinnes* are written down
On during Marble, or ſome harder ſtone;
And our extream miſ-doings are thought good
To be inſcrib'd, like *Draco's Lawes*, in blood:
Lord, let us change our *Tables*, or our *Story*,
And we ſhall have more *Comfort*; Thou, more *Glory*.

53.
On Celia.

Celia complaines, her Heart cannot be well;
Nor will not, *Celia*, till it ceaſe to ſwell;
Tis too-too proud with blood, perverſe and ſtout;
It muſt be launc'd to let the humour out:
Alas no launce can pierce it; It is grown
More hard then *Raunce*, or th' *Adamantine ſtone*.
Then *Celia*, like an *Adamant*, thou muſt
Make the inciſion with her own made *duſt*.

54.
On Puſillus.

Puſillus can be jocund, never whines
When he is full; but ſtill, in want repines;
And like a bad-nos'd hound, that hunts not true,
Hee's at a *Fault*, if not the Game in *view*:
Be well advis'd *Puſillus*; Heav'n may chance,
To *pipe* no more, if thou give ore to *dance*.

55.
On Beleefe.

THe Devills doe *beleeve*; I know they doe;
But their *Beleefe* does make them *tremble* too.

Paſt.

56.
On Craſtinio.

Paſt time is gone, the *Future* is to be;
Craſtinio, ſay, which moſt belongs to thee?
The *firſt*, thou further goeſt and further from;
And thou mayſt die before the *laſt* ſhall come:
The *firſt*, *Craſtinio's* now grown out of date;
Perchance the *laſt* may come, but come too late:
The laſt's uncertain, and the firſt is gone,
The *preſent* then *Craſtinio's* thine, or none.

57.
On an Hower-glaſſe.

MAns life is like an *Hower-glaſſe*, wherein
Each ſev'rall *ſand* that paſſes, is a Sin:
And when the lateſt *ſand* is ſpent and run,
Our *ſins* are finiſht, as our *lives* are done.

58.
On Kain.

KAin, 'tis true: It was, and did appeare
A *Puniſhment* too great for thee to beare:
If thou hadſt had a *Faith*, and couldſt have bin
As much oppreſt and loaded with thy *ſin*,
Thy greater patience either might out-worne it,
Or found more able *ſhoulders* to have borne it.

Ticio

59.
On Ticio.

Ticio ſtands gaping for the clouded Sun
To be inform'd how faſt the howres run;
Ah, fooliſh *Ticio*, art thou found in mind,
To loſe by *ſeeking*, what thou ſeekſt to *find?*

60.
On Sortio.

Sortio, that mak'ſt a *Trade* of gaming, know
Thou breakſt *two* great *command'ments* at a throw:
The *third* thou breakſt by thy abuſe of *Lot*;
Thou breakſt the *Tenth*, that bids thee *Covet not:*
Now tell me, *Sortio*, whether ſins moſt high,
He that playes *faire*, or he that helps a *Die?*

61.
On Raymond Sebund.

HOnour to high-brain'd *Raymond*, And no leſſe
To thy renowned Scholler, great *Du pleſſe:*
Your high attempts object to our dull ſight
The God of Nature, by dull Natures *light:*
But what has *Raymond*, and *Du Pleſſis* done?
They light but two bright *Tapers* to the Sun.

62.
To Henry *Earle of* Holland.

TIs not the *Sun-shine* of great *Cæsars* Eye,
Nor our *opinion* makes thy honour flye
So faire a *pitch*; Nor need thy glory claime
Assistance from thy *Blood*, t'enrich thy Name:
But what it is that mounts thee up so high,
The *World* shall tell thee, *Henry*, and not I:
Blood gives no *Vertue*; nor Opinion *Glory*;
And Princely Favours are but *Transitory*;
Heav'ns *Act* is mingled with great *Cæsars Eye*:
Heav'n gave thee *wings*, and *Cæsar* bids thee *flye*.

63.
On Drunkards and Idolaters.

WHich is the greater Sin, and which the lesse?
Which finds the *sharper*? which the *milder*
To turn Gods glorious Image to a *Beast*,
Or turn the Image of a Beast to *God*?
Thrice happy is that foule, and more then thrice,
That buyes no knowledge at so deare a price.

64.
On Dying.

HE that would die once well, must often trie;
Practice does bring perfection how to die:
The Law's our *Tutor*; and the World our *Schoole*,
Wherein w'are taught by *example*, as by *Rule*:

The Rod's *Affliction*, which being laid away,
The *Gospel* comes, and begs us leave to *play*.

65.

On Ravens and Lilies.

ARe not the *ravens*, great God, sustain'd by Thee?
And wilt thou clothe the *Lilies*, and not mee?
I'll nere distrust my God, for *Cloth*, and *Bread*,
Whilst *Lilies* flourish, and the *Raven's* fed.

66.

On degrees of Sin.

CUrses proportion to the *sins* degree:
Adam, had *one*; *Eve*, *two*; the Serpent, *three*.

67.

A last Will.

MY Life's my *dying day*; wherein I, still,
Am making, alter, and correct my *Will*:
My *Soule* I doe bequeath to God; provided
Some smaller *Legacies* may be divided
Among my Friends: *Item* my *sins* I give
To my deare *Iesus*, whether die or live:
Item, I give the World, that did refresh
The tender frailty of my feeble Flesh,
My lesser *Cares*: I doe bequeath moreover,
To my poore body, *home-spun Cloth*, to cover
And hide her shame, and *Food*, for needfull diet;
Some *sleepe*, but not immoderate, to quiet

Distem-

Distemper'd *Nature*, and in her Vacation,
Some lawfull *Pleasures* for her Recreation;
My *Charity*, to my poore helpleſſe brother,
I give: my *Prayers* to the true Church my *Mother*;
Whoſe watchfull eyes I muſt deſier, ſtill,
To be the *Over-ſeers* of my *Will*.

68.
On our Jeſus.

HE's like a *Rock*, which when we ſtrive to ſhun,
We are in danger to be wreckt upon;
But when our wide-ſpred Armes ſeeke *Refuge* there,
It will ſecure us from the *harmes* we feare.

69.
To King Charles.

THe Common-wealth is like an *Inſtrument*;
The divers ſorts of People repreſent
The *ſtrings*, all differing in *degrees*, in *places*;
Some *trebles*, and ſome *Meanes*, and ſome are *Baſes*
The potent Rulers the *Muſitians* are;
The muſick, ſometimes *peace*, and ſometimes *warre*:
The Lawes are like the *Ruled Bookes* that lie
Before their eyes, and which they practice by:
Play on great *Charles*, Heav'n make thy *ſtrings* as (ſtrong
And true, as thou art skilfull: Raviſh long
The worlds wide eares, with thy divine *Ayres*,
That whoſoever to thy Land repayres,
May there return amaz'd, and tell the Story
Of Britains *Triumph*, in great *Charles* his *Glory*.

The

70.
A Riddle.

THe Goods we ſpend, we *keep*; and what we ſave,
We *loſe*; and only what we loſe, we *have*.

71.
On Glorioſo.

HEre vaunt *Glorioſo*, that thou oft reliev'ſt
The poore; *Glorioſo*, 'tis not thine, thou giv'ſt:
Boaſt what's thy own; Thou art the poor mans *Sive*;
Thy wealth was giv'n thee, with a *Clauſe*, to give;
Put caſe it were thy owne thou gav'ſt; what then?
Thy own *Applauſe* hath paid thy own agen.

72.
On Judas.

TWo *hundred pence*! What's that to thee? But ſay
That ſo much Oyntment had been caſt away;
The *coyne* that paid for't, *Iudas*, was not thine;
O *Iudas*, that's the cauſe thou didſt *repine*.

73.
On Impropriator.

LOrd, how he ſwels! as if he had, at leaſt,
A *Common-wealth* repoſed in his breaſt:
A *Common-wealth*? 'Twas ſhrewdly gueſt, I tell ye;
He has a Leaſh of *Churches* in his *Belly*.

Pro-

74.

On the same.

PRodigious Stomack! what a cruel deale
It can devoure! whole Churches at a *meale*:
'Tis very strange that Nature should deliver
So good a *Stomack* to so bad a *Liver*.

75.

On Lucro.

Vero, it is beleev'd, thy *Conscience*, either
Is very *wide*, or made of *stretching leather*:
Me thinks thy *Conscience* rather seems too small;
So far from *large*, I feare th'ast *none at all*.

76.

To GOD.

IF thou shouldst strike a blow for ev'ry *slip*
That mortalls make, or spur for ev'ry *trip*,
Within a moments space, here would be found
No *place* left free t'inflict another wound:
Hackneys and spur-gall'd *Jades* would happier be,
And in condition, better far, then *Wee*.

77.
On Sleepe and Death.

IT is receiv'd, that Sleep's the *elder brother*;
I see no reason for't, I thinke, the other:
Though *Sleepe* does now usurp the upper hand,
I'am sure that *death* do's sweep away the *Land*.

78.
To Rhemus.

THy Conscience tels thee, that to make debate
Twixt *Prince* and *People*, to subvert a *State*,
To violate a *Truce*, to murther a *Man*,
Are lawfull; nay, are *meritorious* things:
Thou hast a freedome more then we, wherein
To doe against thy *Conscience*, and not sin.

79.
On Glorioso.

HE that relieves his brother in distresse,
And seekes no vaine *Applause*, do's nothing lesse
Then lend to his *Redeemer*, laying downe
A worthlesse *Crowne*, to take up a *Crowne*.
But if *vaine-glory* prompt thy tongue to boast,
It is not *lent*, *Glorioso*; 'Tis but *lost*.

&c.

To GOD.

I Wonder, Lord, thou shouldst so much desire
Our *younger dayes*, when as the green-wood fire
Of feeble *Nature* is but newly blowne,
When ev'ry *Roome's* unfurnisht, and not one
Fit for the presence of so great a *Guest*,
None trim'd with *Art*, no, not so much as drest
With *common sense*, when as th'unburnisht print
Of thy faire *Image*, taken from the Mint
But now, has not the least imbellishment
Of *heav'nly knowledge*: Lord, what hast thou ment,
To make such choice, to choose a time so ill,
When we have neither meanes, nor yet a will
To entertaine? Would not our deeper *Age*,
Wherein the *Toyes* of Child-hood, and the *rage*,
The *fire* of lustfull Youth shall be abated,
Wherein our riper Soules shall be estated,
In richer *Knowledge*, and the strength of *Reason*;
O might not, might not this bin thought a season,
A time more aptly chosen of the twaine,
For thee to come; and us, to entertaine?
No; thou, great God, that art our wise Creator,
Wert better read in our rebellious Nature:
Thou knew'st the Bow of our corrupted will
Stood bent to mischiefe, would be *drawn* to ill
By ev'ry Arme; Thou knew'st that ev'ry hower
Gave new encrease to strength, and double power
To draw those sinfull *shafts* that shoot at heaven;
Thou knew'st our calme *Nature* would be driven

By

By ev'ry Breath, and that our thoughts would fall
From bad to worse; from worse to worst of all:
Thou knowst that *growing Time* would more unlevel
Our rugged *Wills*, and tookst the best of evill:
Lord, take it, and betimes; that, being possest
Of that, thou mayest prescribe for all the rest.

81.

On Partio.

THou sayst thy *Will* is good, and glorist in it;
And yet forgetst thy Maker ev'ry minit:
Say *Partio*, was there ever *Will* allow'd
When the Testators *mem'ry* was not good?

82.

On an evill Conscience.

WHat Hells of *Horror*, an evill *Conscience* brings!
What strange *Chimera's*! what prodigious *things*!
A pregnant *womb* of wonders! Ev'ry minit
We sin; but least, when most we sin agin it.

83.

To Mundano.

NEre thinke, *Mundano*, that one *Roome* will hold
Thy *God*, and all thy *gold*;
If ere they chance to meet within a heart,
They'l either fight, or part:
So long as *Earth* seemes glorious in thine eyes,
Thy thoughts can never rise:

Beleev't

Beleev't *Mundano*, by how much more neare
Thou getst to Heav'n, the *lesse* will earth appeare.

84.

To my Friend.

WOuldst thou be prosp'rous, tho the bēded *brow*
Of *Fortune* threaten thee? Ile teach thee how:
Call home thy deerest *wishes*, and recall
Thy *hopes*; Expect the worst that can befall:
If't come; thy heart will be the more secure,
The lesse amaz'd, and able to endure:
If it come not, *Expectance* is no losse;
Perchance it armes thee for another *Crosse*:
Thus wisely sheltred under this reliefe,
Thy *Ioy* shall be the lesse; and lesse, thy *Griefe*.

85.

To Malfido.

CHeare up *Malfido*, Lay thy thoughts more levell;
Make sure of *Grace* and ne'r suspect thy *Food*;
He that is *Good*, can give a thing that's evill
No more, then thou, being *evill*, canst wish a good:
He better knowes to give, then thou to begge;
Thou whin'st for *Stones*, and grumblest at an *Egge*:
O, let his better will suspend thy wish,
And thou shalt find no *Scorpion*; if, no *Fish*.

86.

On Crucio.

THou ſtill complainſt that *ſorrowes* do attend thee,
And that their *ſavours* do ſo much annoy thee:
Miſtake not; they are *weapons*, to defend thee;
They be not *Engins*, *Crucio*, to deſtroy thee;
Wilt thou miſlike thy Crops of ſwelling *Corne*,
Becauſe th'are trencht, & fenc'd about with *thorn*?

87.

To Rhemus.

TIs true; we are but *duſt*; but *wormes*; nay *men*,
That are more baſe then either; And what then?
Shall *wormes*, or *duſt*, or *men* be well advis'd,
To goe in *perſon* (where we have deſpis'd)
Before a *God*, a glorious God? I, doe;
Who bids thee *Come*, will bid thee welcome too:
Rhemus, when call'd in *perſon*, you appeare
By *Proxy*, tell me where's your manners, there?
Tis better to be *wiſely bold*, then make
Thy ſelfe unmannerly, for *manners* ſake:
Some ill-bred Clownes there be, that, being loath
To foule a *Napkin*, draw a filthy *Cloath*.

88.

To Macio.

DRoope not beneath thy wants, as if forlorne,
Thou muſt be made a *Iewell*, to be worne

In

In *Abrams bosome: Macio*, he that comes
To *Abrams bosome*, finds his way by *Crummes*.

89.
On Reproofe.

TIs not enough to strive agin the *Act*,
Or not to *doe't*; we must reprove the *Fact*
In others too; The *Sin*, being once made knowne
To us, if not reprov'd, becomes our *owne*:
We must *dissuade* the Vice, we scorne to *follow*;
We must *spit out*, as well as never *swallow*.

90.
On Curio.

TWo *Eares* to let in *Knowledge*, Nature gave;
To entertaine true *Faith*, one *heart* we have;
Why so? Ile tell thee *Curio*, in briefe,
Our *knowledge* twice exceeds our *halfe beleefe*.

91.
On Zelustus.

ZEluſtus thinks, his paines are worth his labour
If he love *God*, though he traduce his *Neighbour*:
His hot-mouth'd *Zeale* false-gallops on so fast
In the *first Table* 't tyers in the *last*:
Art thou a faithfull *Steward* of Gods store,
Zelustus, that spend'ſt *Sixe*, and keep'ſt but *Foure*?

92.

On Philautos.

Philauto's Charity is like a *Mouse*
That keepes at home, and never leaves the house,
Till it be fir'd: It stirs for no mans cause,
Unlesse to feed on *Crummes* of vain Aplause:
Take heed, *Philautos*, lest thou heed too late;
The *Mouse*, in time, will eat up thy *Estate*.

93.

On Dubius.

Dvbius, Thy eares are *two*, Thy tongue but *one*;
Heare God and Priest, *Confesse* to God alone.

94.

To Sir Julius Cæsar, *Master of the Rolles.*

THe high *Perfections*, wherewith heav'n do's please
To crown our transitory dayes, are these;
Goods well possest, and not possessing thee:
A faithfull *Friend*, equall in love, degree:
Lands fruitfull, and not conscious of a *Curse*:
A boastlesse *hand*, a Charitable *purse*;
A smiling *Conscience*, A contented *Mind*;
A sober *knowledge*, with true *Wisdome*, joynd:
A *Brest*, well temper'd; *Dyet* without Art,
Surfeit, or want; A wisely simple *Heart*;

Passimes

Paſtimes ingenuous, lawfull, manly, ſparing;
A *Spirit* not contentious, raſh, but daring;
A *Body* healthfull, ſound, and fit for labour;
A *Houſe* well order'd, and an equall *Neighbour*;
A prudent *Wife*, and conſtant to the roofe;
Sober, but yet not ſad, and faire enough;
Sleepe ſeaſonable, moderate, and ſecure;
Actions heroick, conſtant, blameleſſe, pure;
A life, as long as faire; and when expir'd,
A glorious *Death*, unfear'd, as undeſir'd.

95.

On Lucro.

LVcro, how poore thy *Tyrant-wealth* has made (thee:
How miſerable poore! It has betrayd thee
To thy owne ſeeming ſelfe; And it is growne
As little, thine, or leſſe then thou, thy owne:
Alas, poore *Lucro*, how thy fruitfull pawnes
Abuſe thy Stomacke, that ſo often yawnes
For a good Morſell, whilſt thy *Saint* does rome,
Like a *Decoy*, t'entice evill *Angels* home,
Whoſe more imperious preſence muſt controule
And fright the peace of thy perplexed Soule!
Lucro, be ſlave no longer to thy pelfe;
Subdue thy Gold, and make thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe:
But if thy *Saint* be growne too ſtrong for thee,
Ile tell thee *Lucro*; turne thy *Saint* to me.

96.
On Mendax.

FAire-ſpoken *Mendax*, on the leaſt occaſion,
Sweares by his *Faith*, and by his own *Salvation*;
Is raſh-braine *Mendax*, well adviſed, then,
To pawne his Faith in *God*, for Faith with *Men*?
Sure, ſmall's thy Wit or Credit to be drawne
For *Wares* ſo poore, to leave ſo great a *Pawne*.

97.
On Blandus.

WHen ere I wiſh my *Blandus* a Good morrow,
He is my *Servant*: If I come to borrow,
Or but ſalute my *Blandus* paſſing by,
I am your *Servant*, *Blandus* does reply:
If court my *Blandus*, I muſt underſtand,
He is my *Servant*, and does kiſſe my hand;
Diſcourſe with *Blandus*, ev'ry Clauſe ſhall be
I am your *Servant*: If he drinke to me
My *Servant* does it; I returne his Love,
My *Servant* pledges: If my lips doe move
A Suit, he is my *Servant*; Though I doe
Abuſe my *Blandus*, hee's my *Servant* too:
How bleſt am I, his ſervice ſhould be ſuch
To me! He never told his God ſo much:
How much deare *Blandus*, haſt thou bound me thine,
That art his *Servant*, not ſo much, as mine!

The

98.

On Rebellio.

THe ſtout *Rebellio*, ſcourged by his God,
Slights his Correction, and ne'r ownes the Rod;
Take heed, *Rebellio*; Be not ſtout too long;
Neglected *ſtripes* do oft return more ſtrong;
A ſtubborne *ſilence* more ill nature ſhowes,
Then *ſobbs* of Stomack, and deſerves more blowes.

99.

On God and gold.

MY *God* and *gold* cannot poſſeſſe one heart:
My *God* and I; or *gold* and I muſt part.

100.

To James *Archbiſhop of Armagh.*

REnowned *Prelate*, I nor know nor care
What ſecret vertue's in Saint *Patricks Chaire*;
If any; I dare boldly ſay, 'tis more
Since thou ſatſt there, then ere it was before:
Goe on, great *Patriarch*; If thy higher Story
(As ſure it will) ſhall drowne S. *Patricks glory*:
Ierna will, (as now *Ierna* vaunts)
Be knowne, as well as call'd, *The Iſle of Saints.*

There

101.

On a Waking Conſcience.

THere is a kind of *Conſcience* ſome men keepe,
Is like a Member that's benumb'd with ſleepe;
Which, as it gathers Blood, and wakes agen,
It *ſhoots*, and *pricks*, and *feeles* as big as *ten*.

102.

On our Affections.

O How prepoſt'rous our *Affections* burne!
We *ſerve* the world, *love* God, to ſerve our turn.

103.

On Zeluſtus.

ZEluſtus weares his cloaths, as he were clod
To frighten *Crowes*, and not to ſerve his *God*;
As if the Symptomes of *Regeneration*
Were nothing but a Chriſtian *out of Faſhion*.

104.

On Rebellio.

WHat? ever whining? Evermore alike, (ſtrike?
Both when *heav'n* ſtrikes & when he leaves to
Not ſtroke thy ſtomack downe, when as thy God
Is friends with thee, and throwne aſide the Rod?
Take heed, *Rebellio*, heaven doe not reply
Upon thy *Sobbs*, and he that made thee cry

For

For thy own Good, reward not thy repining
With a new *Rod*, & ſcourge thee worſe for *whining*.

105.
On Zeluſtus.

NOt thy *Geneva Ruffe*, nor ſteeple *Hat*
With flagging *Eaves*, or *Cipreſſe* out of date;
Thy nock-ſhorn *Cloak*, with a round narrow Cape;
Thy *Ruſſet hoſe* croſſe-garterd with a *Tape*;
Thy Antick *Habit*, of the old Tranſlation,
Made for the purpoſe in deſpight of *Faſhion*;
Tis none of theſe, *Zeluſtus*, that can bring
Thy zeale in credit; none of theſe can wring
The leaſt applauſe from heav'n: Heav'n never ment
A Chriſtians *Conſcience* ſhould be bound or bent
To *ſhapes*; *Zeluſtus*, we can ſcarce divide
An *Affectation* from a ſecret *Pride*.

106.
On Conſcio.

ART thou revil'd, and ſlandred? and yet whine?
I feare th'art guilty: Is that heart of thine
So faint (if guiltleſſe) that it cannot ſtoop
Beneath ſo poore a *Burthen*, and not droop?
He that has fire at home may well refrain
To blow his fingers, *Conſcio*, or complain
The weather's cold abroad: Make ſure within,
And let them cenſure, let them ſnarle agin:
Thou mayeſt *appeare*, but not *be* this the worſe;
If *Conſcience* bleſſe thee, Doe, let *Shimei* curſe.

107.
To GOD.

THy ſacred *will* be done, great God,
To ſpend, or to ſuſpend thy *Rod*:
If poſſible, my will's to miſſe it;
If otherwiſe, to ſtoop, and *kiſſe it*.

108.
On Devotion.

WE muſt not only *be* to God, but *ſhow*
To Man; *Pauls Cloak* muſt be remẽbred too.

109.
On the Chriſtian.

TIs not enough that the *Kings Daughter* ſhould
Be *faire* within; She muſt be clad in *Gold*;
The curious *Needle* cloathes her whiter skin;
Shee's rich *without*, and glorious all *within*:
The true born *Chriſtian*, muſt, as well, be clod
With *lives* to men, as lin'd with *hearts* to God.

110.
On Mercy and Iuſtice.

GOds *Mercy* and his *Iuſtice* is the ſame;
Tis but the *Object* that divides, the Name.

Before

III.

On Aulicus.

BEfore that *Aulicus* was made a Lord,
He was my Friend; we might exchange a word,
As well as hearts; He could be never weary
Of my ſociety; was jocund, merry;
Ingenuous, and as jealous to offend;
He was enjoy'd, He could enjoy his friend:
But now he ſwells, lookes big, his Favours change,
As well as Fortunes: Now his eyes are ſtrange:
His thoughts are *Councels*, curious *webs* of State;
And all his Actions muſt be wonder'd at;
His ſpeeches muſt be *Lawes*, and every word
An *Oracle*, to be admir'd, ador'd.
Friendſhip muſt now be *ſervice*: A new mold
Muſt have new *Matter*, melted from the old:
O *Aulicus*, 'twere well, if thou couldſt doe
The very ſame in *ſpirituall honour* too.

112.

To Rhemus.

FAith muſt be joyn'd to *works*: *Rhemus*, I wonder,
What God has joyn'd, thou dar'ſt preſume to ſunder!

113.
On Tortus.

THis not the bearing of the *Croſſe*, or *Cup*
Of thy Affliction; Thou muſt take them up:
Nor iſt the taking up, alone, will doe;
Tortus, thou muſt *take up*, and *follow* too.

114.
On Gracchus.

G*Racchus* ſo often did repeat a *Lye*,
Paſt on, with Credit, from his very youth,
That now his Conſcience has forborn to cry
Againſt it, and perſwades him 'tis a *Truth:*
Tis well for *Gracchus*; He has gain'd thereby,
He now may tell the ſame, and never lye.

115.
On Phares.

THou ſay'ſt it is a *Supper*, and it's fit
To uſe the *Poſture* of a *Meale*, to ſit:
Can thy Diſcretion, *Phares*, or thy zeale
Give *carnall geſtures* to a *ſpirituall Meale?*
A heav'nly *Supper* and a fleſhly *Heart?*
Thy *Poſture* has diſcover'd *what thou art.*

You'l

116.
On the same.

YOu'l take it *sitting*: Pray; and no man know it:
You'l doe, and yet you will not seem to doe it:
You'l bow your *Heart*, although you bend no *Knee*:
'Tis like your *Selfe*; You seem not, what you be.

117.
To my Booke.

SO; Now, 'tis time to *wean* thee from my brest;
Thy *Teeth* grow sharp, *my Babe*, It will be best
For both: Thy hasty *Nurse* is come to take thee
From my fond *arms*: ne'r whimper; he wil make thee
A dainty Golden Coate: Let it suffice thee,
Thou art mine stil: howere; Thy *Nurse* wil *prize* thee
For his own sake and thine: When thou art strong,
And sure of foot, hee'l let thee sport among
Thy *fellow-children*; He will let thee see
The *World*, which thou hadst never seen, with me:
Thou may'st doe well, if *Fortune* strike thee luck,
And faire *Opinion*; Thou didst never suck
But one *good Friday*, and thou mayest improve
As well in *Merit*, as in popular *love*;
Thou hast *six Brethren* (born as well as thee
Of a free *Muse*) legitimate and free;
Pages to *Cæsar*, and in *Cæsars* Court,
Besides an *Ishmael*, that attends the Port
Of a great *Lord*, an Honourable *Peere*
Of this blest *Realm*: If ere thou wander, there,

They'l bid thee welcome, at the times of leasure,
Perchance, and bring thee to the hand of *Cæsar:*
Thou art but young, and tender, (for who knowes
The *paths* of Fate?) perhaps, and one of those
Whom *Clotho* favours not; perchance, thy *Twine*
May be produc'd (for thou art halfe *divine*)
To after Ages, to the utmost date
Of Time; who knowes? but we subscribe to *Fate:*
Perchance, thy Fortune's to be *bought and sold;*
Was not young *Ioseph* serv'd the like of old?
Thy bondage may, like his, be made, perchance,
A *step to Honour*, and a meanes t'advance
Thy higher Fortunes and prepare thy *hand*
To ease a *dearth*, if *dearth* should strike the Land:
But I transgresse, *my Babe:* 'Tis time to part;
The *Lawes* of Nature breake the *Rules* of Art;
Once more farewel: Let *Heav'ns* high blessings shine
On my *poore Babe*, as my *poore Babe* has mine.

The end of the fourth and last Booke.